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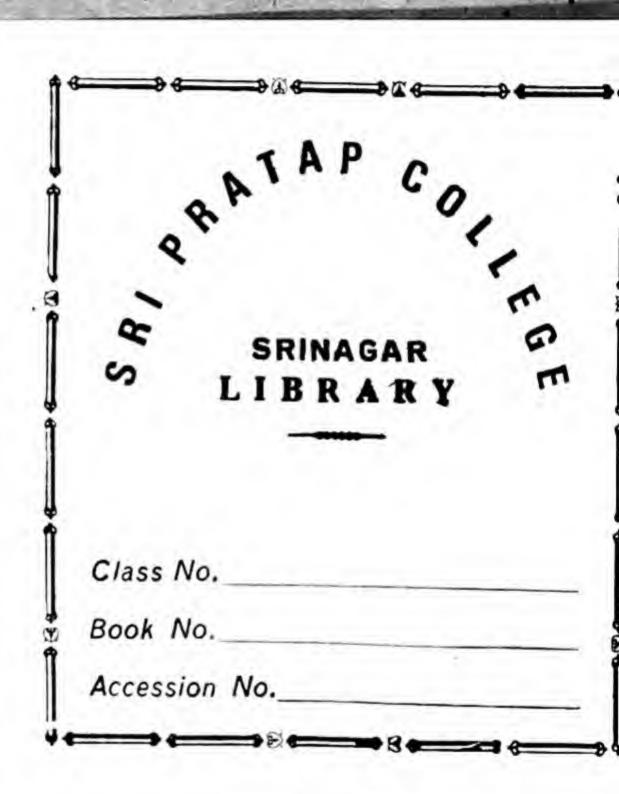
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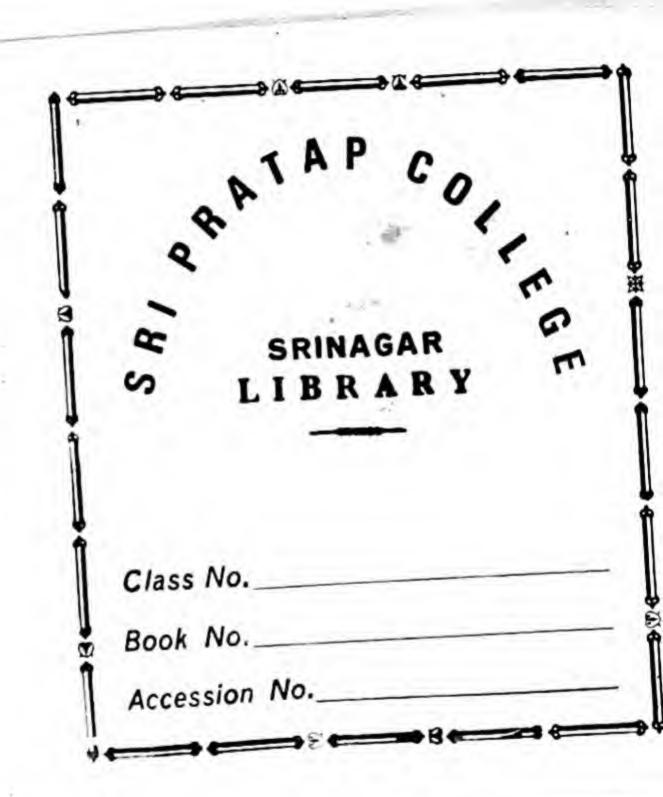
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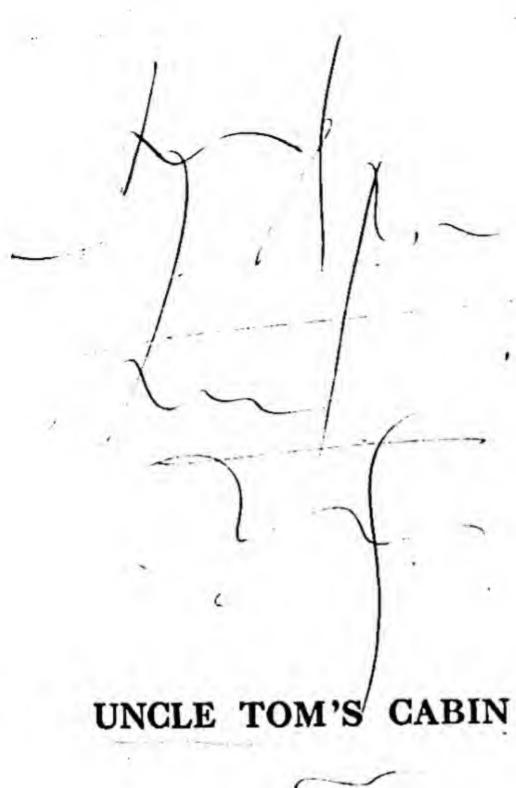
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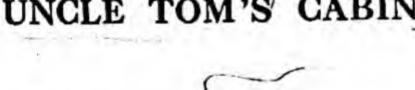
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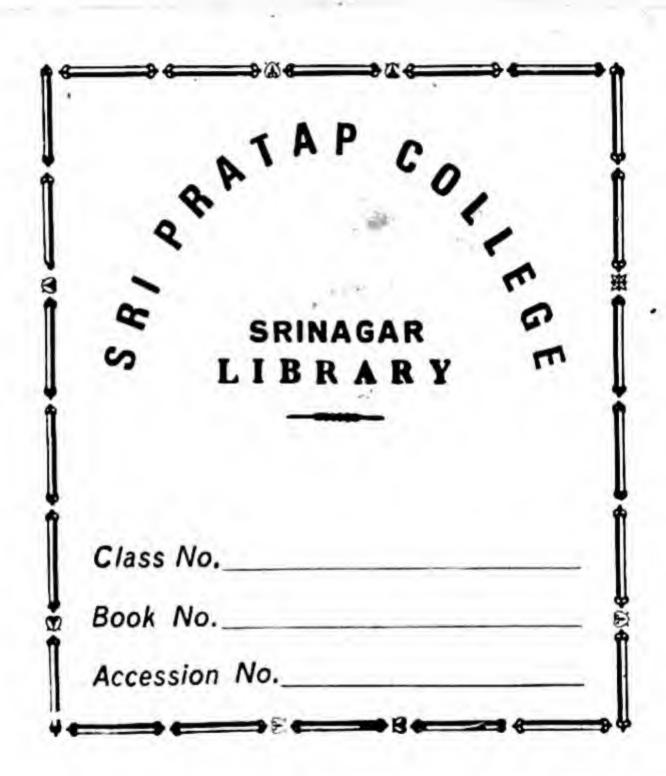


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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

THE STORY WHICH LED TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES

HARRIET BEECHER Stowe



PICKERING & INGLIS

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PREFACE

The scenes of this story, as its title indicates, lie among a race hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society; an exotic race, whose ancestors, born beneath a tropic sun, brought with them, and perpetuated to their descendants, a character so essentially unlike the hard and dominant Anglo-Saxon race as for many years to have won from it only misunderstanding and contempt.

But another and better day is dawning; every influence of literature, of poetry, and of art, in our times, is becoming more and more in unison with the great master

chord of Christianity, "good will to man."

The poet, the painter, and the artist now seek out and embellish the common and gentler humanities of life, and, under the allurements of fiction, breathe a humanising and subduing influence.

The hand of benevolence is everywhere stretched out, searching into abuses, righting wrongs, alleviating distresses, and bringing to the knowledge and sympathies of the world the lowly, the oppressed, and the forgotten.

In this general movement, unhappy Africa at last is remembered; Africa, who began the race of civilisation and human progress in the dim, gray dawn of early time, but who for centuries has lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilised and Christianised humanity, imploring compassion in vain.

But the heart of the dominant race, who have been her conquerors, her hard masters, has at length been turned toward her in mercy; and it has been seen how far nobler it is in nations to protect the feeble than to oppress them. Thanks be to God, the world has at last outlived the slave-trade!

The object of these sketches is to awaken sympathy and feeling for the African race, as they exist among us; to show their wrongs and sorrows, under a system so necessarily cruel and unjust as to defeat and do away the good effects of all that can be attempted for them, by their best friends, under it.

In doing this, the author can sincerely disclaim any invidious feelings towards those individuals who, often without any fault of their own, are involved in the trials and embarrassments of the legal relations of slavery.

Experience has shown her that some of the noblest of minds and hearts are often thus involved; and no one knows better than they do that what may be gathered of the evils of slavery from sketches like these is not the half that could be told of the unspeakable whole.

In the Northern States these representations may, perhaps, be thought caricatures; in the Southern States are witnesses who know their fidelity. What personal knowledge the author has had of the truth of incidents such as here are related, will appear in its time.

It is a comfort to hope, as so many of the world's sorrows and wrongs have, from age to age, been lived down, so a time shall come when sketches similar to these shall be valuable only as memorials of what has long ceased to be.

When an enlightened and Christianised community shall have, on the shores of Africa, laws, language, and literature drawn from among us, may then the scenes of the house of bondage be to them like the remembrance of Egypt to the Israelite—a motive of thankfulness to Him who hath redeemed them!

For, while politicians contend, and men are swerved this way and that by conflicting tides of interest and passion, the great cause of human liberty is in the hands of One, of whom it is said:

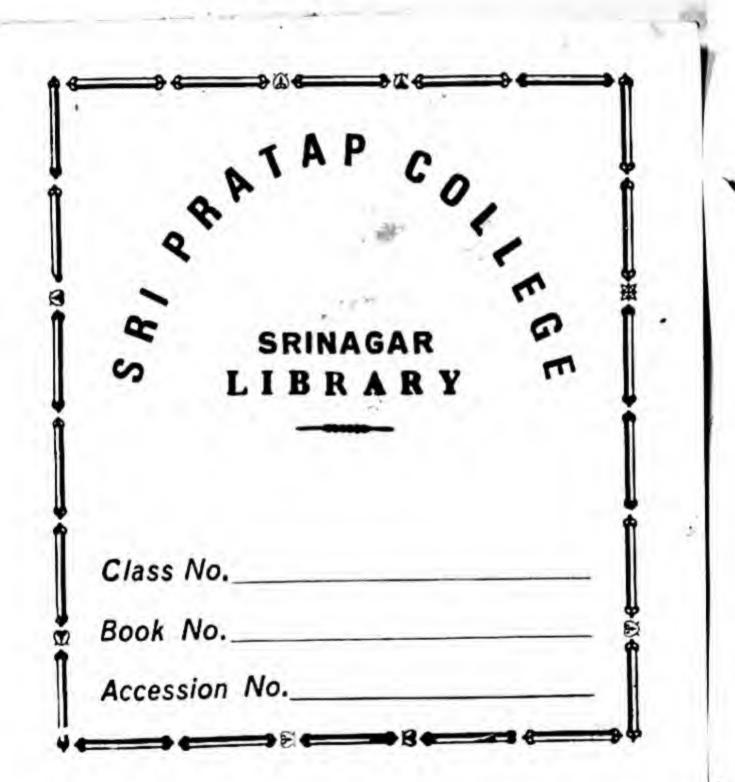
"He shall not fail nor be discouraged Till He have set judgment in the earth."

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth,
The poor also, and him that hath no helper."

"He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence, And precious shall their blood be in His sight."

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The book is the line to the read. (1)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER I.

A HUMANE MAN.

ATE in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone in a well-furnished dining-parlour, in a town in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen were discussing some subject with great earnestness.

One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the title of gentleman. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much overdressed in a gaudy vest of many colours and blue neckerchief, but quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals attached to it—which, in the ardour of conversation, he was in the habit of jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of grammar, and was garnished with various profane expressions.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the

housekeeping, indicated easy circumstances.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.
"I can't make trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby,"

said the other,

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley.

"No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible pious fellow. He got religion at a camp meeting four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I've trusted him, since then, with everything I have —money, house, horses—and let him come and go round the country;

and I always found him true and square in everything."

"Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers, Shelby," said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, "but I do. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans—'twas as good as a meetin" now, really, to hear that critter pray; and he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out; so I realised six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake."

"Well, Tom's got the real article if ever a fellow had," rejoined

the other. "I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would

Haley, if you had any conscience."

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep-just a little, you know, to swear by, as 'twere," said the trader, jocularly; "and, then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'blige friends; but this is a leetle too hard on a fellow."

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after

an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or gal to throw in with Tom?"

"Hum-none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting

with any of my hands, that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair. fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Hullo, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a

bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up now !"

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he. The child came up, and the

master patted the curly head,

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing."
The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

"Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe when he has the

rheumatism," said his master.

Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of the old man.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a young un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you what," said he, suddenly slapping his hand on Mr. Shelby's shoulder, "fling in that chap and I'll settle the business—I will. Come, now."

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young

quadroon woman entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. There was the same rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes; the same ripples of silky black hair. The brown of her complexion gave way on the cheek to a perceptible flush, which

deepened as she saw the gaze of the strange man fixed upon her in bold and undisguised admiration. Her dress was of the neatest possible fit, and set off to advantage her finely-moulded shape; a delicately-formed hand, and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trader, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fine remale article.

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped hesitatingly.

"I was looking for Harry, please sir;" and the boy bounded towards her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in his robe.

"Well, take him away then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she

withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"By Jupiter!" said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans, any day. I've seen over a thousand, in my day, paid down for gals not a bit handsomer." I don't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby dryly,

and he sought to turn the conversation.

"Come now," said Haley how will you trade about the gal?what shall I say for her-what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would

not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though," said the trader; "you

must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

"What on earth can you want with the thild?" said Shelby. "Why, I've got a friend that's going into this yer branch of the business-wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. Fancy articles entirely—sell for waiters, and so on, to rich uns, that can pay for handsome uns. It sets off one of yer great places—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend. They fetch a good sum."

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby thoughtfully; "the fact is, sir, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir. I'll think the matter over, and talk with my wife. Meantime, Haley, if you want the matter carried on in the quiet way you speak of, you'd best not let your business in this neighbourhood be known. It will get out among my boys, and it will not be a quiet business getting away any of my fellows, if they know it."

"Oh, certainly, by all means, mum I of course. But I'll tell you, I'm in a hurry, and shall want to know, as soon as possible, what I

may depend on," said he, rising and putting on his coat.

"Well, call up this evening, between six and seven, and you shall

have my answer," said Mr. Shelby as the trader bowed himself out. "I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps," said he to himself, as he saw the door fairly closed, "with his impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should sell Tom down South to one of those rascally traders, I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' And now it must come, for aught I see. And Eliza's child too! I know that I shall have some fuss with my wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom too. So much for being in debt-heigh-ho! The fellow sees his advantage, and means to push it."

Mr. Shelby was a fair average kind of man, good-natured and kindly, and disposed to easy indulgence of those around him, and there had never been a lack of anything which might contribute to the physical comfort of the negroes on his estate. He had, however, speculated largely and quite loosely; had involved himself deeply, and his notes to a large amount had come into the hands of Haley; and this information is the key to the preceding conversation.

Now, it had so happened that, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody. She would gladly have stopped at the door to listen, as she came out; but her mistress just then calling, she was obliged to hasten away. Still she thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy;—could she be mistaken? Her heart swelled and throbbed, and she involuntarily strained him so tight that the little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment.

"Eliza, girl, what ails you to-day?" said her mistress, when Eliza had upset the wash-pitcher, knocked down the work-stand, and finally was abstractedly offering her mistress a long nightgown in place of the silk dress she had ordered her to bring from the wardrobe.

Eliza started. "Oh, missis!" she said, raising her eyes; then bursting into tears, she sat down in a chair, and began sobbing.

"Why, Eliza, child ! what ails you?" said her mistress.

"Oh, missis," said Eliza, "there's been a trader talking with master in the parlour! I heard him."

"Well, silly child, suppose there was?"

"Oh, missis, do you suppose mas'r would sell my Harry?" And

the poor creature sobbed convulsively.

"Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never deals with those Southern traders, and never means to sell any of his servants, as long as they behave well. Come, cheer up, and hook my dress. There, now, put my back hair up in that pretty braid you learned the other day, and don't go listening at doors any more."

"Well, but, missis, you never would give your consent—to—to—"
"Nonsense, child I to be sure I shouldn't. What do you talk so
for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really,
Eliza, you are getting far too proud of that little fellow. A man can't
put his nose into the door, but you think he is coming to buy him."

Reassured by her mistress's confident tone, Eliza proceeded adroitly with her toilet, laughing at her own fears as she proceeded.

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of a high class, both intellectually and morally. To that natural magnanimity and generosity of mind which one often marks as characteristic of the women of Kentucky, she added high moral and religious sensibility and principle, carried out with great energy and ability into practical results. Her husband, who made no professions to any particular religious character, nevertheless reverenced and respected the consistency of hers, and stood, perhaps, a little in awe of her opinion.

The heaviest load on his mind, after his conversation with the trader, lay in the foreseen necessity of breaking to his wife the

arrangement contemplated.

Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant of her husband's embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper, had been quite sincere in the entire incredulity with which she had met Eliza's suspicions. In fact, she dismissed the matter from her mind, without a second thought.

CHAPTER II.

THE HUSBAND AND FATHER.

RS. SHELBY had gone on her visit, and Eliza stood in the verandah, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

"George, is it you? How you frightened me! Well! glad you've come! Missis is gone to spend the afternoon; so come

into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves."

Saying this, she drew him into a neat little apartment opening on the verandah, where she generally sat at her sewing, within call of her mistress.

"How glad I am !—why don't you smile?—and look at Harry—how he grows." The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirts of his mother's dress. "Isn't he beautiful?" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

"I wish he'd never been born !" said George bitterly. "I wish

I'd never been born myself!"

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down, leaned her head on her

husband's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"There now, Eliza, it's too bad of me to make you feel so, poor girl!" said he fondly; "it's too bad! Oh, how I wish you never had seen me—you might have been happy!"

"George! George! how can you talk so? What dreadful thing has happened, or is going to happen? I'm sure we've been very

happy, till lately."

So we have, dear," said George. Then drawing his child on his knee, he gazed intently on his glorious dark eyes, and passed his hands through his long curls.

" Just like you, Eliza; and you are the handsomest woman I ever saw, and the best one I ever wish to see; but, oh, I wish I'd never

seen you, nor you me ! "

"Oh, George; how can you!"
"Yes, Eliza; it's all misery, misery! My life is bitter as wormwood; the very life is burning out of me. I'm a poor, miserable, forlorn drudge; I shall only drag you down with me, that's What's the use of our trying to do anything? trying to know anything, trying to be anything? What's the use of living?"

Oh, now, dear George, that is really wicked! I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard

master, but be patient, and something-

"Patient!" said he, interrupting her; "haven't I been patient?"
"Well, it is dreadful," said Eliza; "but, after all, he is your master, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? That's what I think of-what right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than he is. I know more about business than he does; I am a better manager than he is; I can read better than he can; I can write a better hand-and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him-I've learned it in spite of him; and now what right has he to make a dray-horse of me?—to take me from things I can do, and do better than he can, and put me to work that any horse can do? He tries to do it; he says he'll bring me down and humble me, and he puts me to just the meanest work on purpose!

"Oh, George! George! you frighten me! Why! I never heard you talk so; I'm afraid you'll do something dreadful. I don't wonder at your feelings at all; but oh, do be careful-do, do-for

my sake-for Harry's!"

I have been careful, and I have been patient, but it's growing worse and worse; flesh and blood can't bear it any longer; every chance he can get to insult and torment me, he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on. He says that though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he means to bring it out; and one of these days it will come out in a way that he won't like."

"Oh, dear I what shall we do?" said Eliza mournfully.

"It was only yesterday," said George, "as I was busy loading stones into a cart, that young Mas'r Tom stood there, slashing his whip so near the horse that the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as pleasantly as I could-he just kept right on. begged him again, and then he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand, and then he screamed and kicked and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He came in a rage, and said he'd teach me who was my master; and he tied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he might whip me till he was tired; —and he did do it! If I dont make him remember it, some time!" and the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master?"

"Well," said Eliza mournfully, "I always thought that I must

obey my master, or I couldn't be a Christian."

"There is some sense in it, in your case; they have brought you up like a child, fed you, clothed you, indulged you, and taught you, so that you have a good education; that is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked and cuffed and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I won't bear it. No, I won't!" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown. "Mas'r will find out that I'm one that whipping won't tame. My day will come yet."

Eliza trembled, and was silent. She had never seen her husband in this mood before; and her gentle system of ethics seemed to bend

like a reed in the surges of such passions.

"What are you going to do, George? Don't do anything wicked! If you only trust in God, and try to do right, He'll deliver you."

"I'm not a Christian like you, Eliza; my heart's full of bitterness;

I can't trust in God. Why does He let things be so?"

"Oh, George! we must have faith. Mistress says that when all things go wrong, we must believe that God is doing the very best."

"That's easy to say for people that are sitting on their sofas and riding in their carriages; but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come some harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns, and can't be reconciled, anyhow. You couldn't, in my place—you can't now, if I tell you all I've got to say."

"What can be coming now?"

"Well, lately mas'r has been saying that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe, because they are proud, and hold their heads up above him, and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says he won't let me come here any more, and that I shall take a wife and settle down on his place. At first he only scolded and grumbled these things; but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river.'

"Why-but you were married to me, by the minister, as much as

if you'd been a white man ! " said Eliza simply.

'Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this country for that; I can t hold you for my wife if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you-why I wish I'd never been born. It would have been better for us both-it would have been better for this poor child if he had never been born. All this may happen to him yet I"

Oh, but master is so kind 1"

"Yes; but who knows?-he may die-and then he may be sold to nobody knows who. What pleasure is it that he is handsome, and smart and bright? I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will pierce through your soul for every good and pleasant thing your child is or has; it will make him worth too much for you to keep!"

The words smote heavily on Eliza's heart. The vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow, she turned pale and gasped for breath. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears, but checked herself.

"No, no-he has enough to bear, poor fellow I" she thought. "No, I won't tell him; and it an't true. Missis never deceives us." "So, Eliza, my girl," said the husband mournfully, "bear up,

now; and good-bye, for I'm going." "Going, George! Going where?"

"To Canada," said he, straightening himself up; "and when I'm there, I'll buy you. That's all the hope that's left us. I'll buy you and the boy-God helping me, I will !"

"Oh, dreadful | if you should be taken?"

"I won't be taken, Eliza; I'll die first! I'll be free "I'll die 1"."
"Oh, George, for my sake, do be careful! Fray God to help you." "Well, now, good-bye," said George, holding Eliza's hands, and gazing into her eyes, without moving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping, and the husband and wife were parted.

CHAPTER III.

A PEEP INTO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close adjoining to "the house," as the negro calls his master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet begonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o'clocks, found a corner in which to unfold

their splendours and were the pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper; " therefore, doubt not that it is she you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of, her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her wellstarched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighbourhood, as Aunt Chloe was acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the barnyard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing, and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corncake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as he would narrate the fruitless efforts

that one and another had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arrangement of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling-trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh triumphs.

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat, shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a

moment, and then tumbling down-each successive failure being

violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who is to be the hero of our story. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterised by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindliness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavouring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Mas'r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realise the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom—not that way," said he briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his g the wrong side out;

"that makes a q, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled out q's and g's innumerable; and then, taking the pencil in his big heavy fingers,

he patiently recommenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come and read his lessons to us—it's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George.

"Isn't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mos' done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in—"browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t'other day, jest to larm her, she said. 'Oh, go 'way, missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spiled!' Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all; no more than my shoe;—go 'way!"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to

view a neatly baked pound-cake.

"Here you, Mose and Pete I get out de way, you niggers! Ge away, Polly, honey—mammy 'll give her baby somefin, by and by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I'll take up de sausages, and have de first griddleful of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me at supper in the house," said George; "but I

knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old aunty'd keep the best for you. Oh, let me alone for dat! Go'way!"

keep the best for you. Oh, let me alone for dat! Go 'way!"
"Now for the cake," said Mas'r George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that he flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George I" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, "you wouldn't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash it all down-spile all the pretty rise of it. Here, I've got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now, eat away-you won't get anything to beat dat ar."

"Here, you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits and throwing them at them; "you want some, don't you? Come,

Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimneycorner, while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor, under the table. tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, at the end of the meal, for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

The house now resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to

consider the accommodation and arrangements for the meeting.
"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declar' I don't know," said As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered.

Two empty casks were now rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling, by stones on each side, boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of tubs and pails, and the disposing of rickety chairs, completed the preparation. "Mas'r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay

to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "'twill be much more interestin'." George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for

anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, and after a while the singing commenced, to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantages of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes well-known and common hymns and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at campmeetings.

Various exhortations, or relations of experience, followed, and

intermingled with the singing.

Mas'r George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The sakes now!"
"Only hear that!" "Jest think on't!" "Is all that a-comin'

sure enough?"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters, in the neighbourhood. Having, naturally, an organisation in which the morale was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect, as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the childlike earnestness of his prayer, enriched with the language of

Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite

otherwise passed in the hall of the master.

The trader and Mr. Selby were seated together in the dining-room aforenamed, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which he

pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; "and now for signing these yer." Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. Haley produced from a valise a parchment, which, after looking over it, he handed to Mr. Shelby, who took it with a gesture of suppressed eagerness. "Wal, now, the thing's done!" said the trader, getting up.

"Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "I hope you'll remember that you promised, on your honour, you wouldn't sell Tom without knowing what sort of hands he's going into."

"I'll do the very best I can in gettin' Tom a good berth; as to my treatin' on him bad, you needn't be a grain afeard. If there's anything that I thank the Lord for, it is that I'm never noways cruel."

After the expositions which the trader had previously given of his humane principles, Mr. Shelby did not feel particularly reassured by these declarations; but, as they were the best comfort the case admitted of, he allowed the trader to depart in silence.

CHAPTER IV

THE FEELINGS OF LIVING PROPERTY.

R. AND MRS. SHELBY had retired to their apartment for the night. He was lounging in a large easy-chair, looking over some letters that had come in the afternoon mail, and she was standing before her mirror, brushing out the complicated braids and curls in which Eliza had arranged her hair; for, noticing her pale cheeks and haggard eyes, she had excused her attendance that night, and ordered her to bed. The employment, naturally enough, suggested her conversation with the girl in the morning; and, turning to her husband, she said carelessly :-

"By the bye, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you

lugged in to our dinner table to-day!"

Haley is his name," said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair, and continuing with his eyes fixed on a letter.

"Haley! Who is he, and what may be his business?"

"Well, he's a man that I transacted some business with, last time I was at Natchez," said Mr. Shelby.

"And he presumed on it to make himself quite at home, and call

and dine here, eh?"

"Why, I invited him; I had some accounts with him."

"Is he a negro-trader?" said Mrs. Shelby, noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner.

"Why, my dear, what put that into your head?" said Shelby,

"Nothing—only Eliza came in here after dinner, in a great worry, crying and taking on, and said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make an offer for her boy—the ridiculous little goose!"

"She did, hey?" said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper, which he seemed for a few moments quite intent upon, not perceiving that he

was holding it bottom upward.

"It will have to come out," said he mentally; "as well now as ever."

"I told Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, as she continued brushing her hair, "that she was a little fool for her pains, and that you never had anything to do with that sort of person. Of course, I knew you never meant to sell any of our people—least of all to such a fellow."

"Well, Emily," said her husband, "so I have always felt and said; but the fact is that my business lies so that I cannot get on without

selling. I shall have to sell some of my hands."

"To that creature? Impossible! You cannot be serious."

"I am sorry to say that I am," said Mr. Shelby. "I've agreed to

sell Tom."

"What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature!—been your faithful servant from a boy! Oh, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom, too—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now—I can believe now that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby.

"Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don't know why I am to be rated, as

if I were a monster, for doing what every one does every day."

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet,

she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing!—a curse to the master and a curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave under laws like ours—I always felt it was—I always thought so when I was a girl—I thought so still more after I joined the church; but I thought I could gild it over—I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom, fool that I was!

No, no, I'll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I'll go and see poor old Tom, God help him in his distress! They shall see, at anyrate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about it The Lord forgive us! What have we done, that this cruel necessity should come on us?"

There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected.

Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet; and she had hidden herself there, and with her ear pressed against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress's door and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there, a little case of books, and various little fancy articles, ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers:

here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the

bedclothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.
"Poor boy! poor fellow!" said Eliza; "they have sold you!

but your mother will save you yet ! "

No tear dropped over that pillow; in such straits as these the heart has no tears to give—it drops only blood, bleeding itself

away in silence. She took a piece of paper and wrote:-

"Oh, missis! dear missis! don't think me ungrateful—don't think hard of me anyway—I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God

bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and so fond is a mother's remembrance that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favourite toys, reserving a gaily-painted parrot to amuse him, when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after some effort he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl. "Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the

bed with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry!" she said; "mustn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him."

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into

the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out.

A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's

"Good Lord! what's that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up and hastily drawing the curtain. "My sakes alive, if it an't Lizy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick !- there's old Bruno, too, a-pawin' round, I'm gwine to open the door."

And, suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the tallow candle, which Tom had lighted, fell on the

haggard face and wild eyes of the fugitive.

Lord bless you !- I'm skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye

tuck sick, or what's come over ye?"

"I'm runnin' away—Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child-master sold him!"

"Sold him!" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Tom had stood, during this speech, with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, any day! There's time for ye-be off with Lizy-you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly

around, and said-

"No, no-I an't going. Let Liza go-it's her right! I wouldn't be the one to say no-'tan't in natur for her to stay; but you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s'pose I can b'ar it as well as any on 'em," he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, rough chest convulsively. "Mas'r always found me on the spot-he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass noways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r an't to blame, Chloe, and he'll take care of ----"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and fairly broke down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse, and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through his fingers

on the floor.

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, " I saw my husband this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me, to-day, that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada" and Eliza was gone.

CHAPTER V

DISCOVERY.

MRS SHELBY, after their protracted discussion of the night before, did not readily sink to repose, and, in consequence, slept somewhat later than usual next morning.

"I wonder what keeps Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, after giving her

bell repeated pulls to no purpose.

Mr. Shelby was standing before his dressing-glass, sharpening his razor; and just then the door opened, and a coloured boy entered with his shaving-water.

"Andy," said his mistress, "step to Eliza's door, and tell her I have rung for her three times.—Poor thing !" she added to herself

with a sigh.

Andy soon returned, with eyes very wide in astonishment.

"Lor', missis! Lizy's things are all lying every which way; and I believe she's just done clared out!"

The truth flashed upon Mr. Shelby and his wife at the same

moment. He exclaimed :-

"Then she suspected it, and she's off!"

"The Lord be thanked !" said Mrs. Shelby. "I trust she is."

"Wife, you talk like a fool! Really, it will be something pretty awkward for me, if she is. Haley saw that I hesitated about selling this child, and he'll think I connived at it, to get him out on the way. It touches my honour! And Mr. Shelby left the room hastily.

There was great running and ejaculating, and opening and shutting of doors, and appearance of faces in all shades of colour in different places, for about a quarter of an hour. One person only, who might have shed some light on the matter, was entirely silent, and that was the head cook, Aunt Chloe. Silently, and with a heavy cloud settled down over her once joyous face, she proceeded making out her breakfast biscuits, as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement around her.

When, later on, Haley appeared, booted and spurred, he was

saluted with the bad tidings on every hand.

"I say now, Shelby this yer's a most extr'or'nary business!" said Haley, as he abruptly entered the parlour. "It seems that gal's off, with her young un."

"Mr. Haley, Mrs. Shelby is present," said Mr. Shelby.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Haley, bowing slightly, with a still lowering brow; "but still I say, as I said before, this yer's a singular report. Is it true, sir?"

"Sir," said Mr. Shelby, "if you wish to communicate with me, you must observe something of the decorum of a gentleman.—Andy,

take Mr. Haley's hat and riding-whip.—Take a seat, sir. Yes, sir; I regret to say that the young woman, excited by overhearing something of this business, has taken her child in the night, and made off."

"I did expect fair dealing in this matter," said Haley.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Shelby, turning round upon him, "what am I to understand by that remark? If any man calls my honour in question, I have but one answer for him."

The trader cowered at this, and in a somewhat lower tone said that" it was plaguy hard on a fellow, that had made a fair bargain,

to be gulled that way."

"Mr. Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "if I did not think you had some cause for disappointment, I should not have borne from you the rude and unceremonious style of your entrance into my parlour this morning. I say this much, however, since appearances call for it, that I shall allow of no insinuations cast upon me, as if I were at all partner to any unfairness in this matter. Moreover, I shall feel bound to give you every assistance, in the use of horses, servants, etc., in the recovery of your property. So, in short, Haley," said he suddenly, dropping from the tone of dignified coolness to his ordinary one of easy frankness, "the best way is to keep good-natured and eat some breakfast, and we will then see what is to be done."

Mrs. Shelby now rose, and said her engagements would prevent her being at the breakfast-table that morning; and, deputing a very respectable mulatto woman to attend to the gentlemen's coffee

at the sideboard, she left the room.

Never did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation than the report of Tom's fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field, but to discuss its probable results. Eliza's flight-an unprecedented event on the place—was also a great accessory in stimulating the general excitement.

Black Sam, as he was commonly called from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision and a strict look-out to his own personal well-being that would have done credit to any white patriot in Washington.

"It's an ill wind dat blows nowhar-dat ar a fact, ' said Sam sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing button, with which effort of mechanical genius he seemed highly delighted.

"Yes, it's an ill wind blows nowhar," he repeated. "Now, dar, Tom's down-wal, course der's room for some nigger to be up-and why not dis nigger?-dat's the idee. Tom, a-ridin' round de country-boots blacked-pass in his pocket-all grand as Cuffee-who but he? Now, why shouldn't Sam?-dat's what I want to know."

"Halloo, Sam-oh, Sam! Mas'r wants you to cotch Bill and

Jerry," said Andy, cutting short Sam's soliloquy.

"Hi! what's afoot now, young un?"

"Why, you don't know, I s'pose, that Lizy's cut stick, and clared out, with her young un?"

"You teach your granny!" said Sam, with infinite contempt; "knowed it a heap sight sooner than you did; this nigger an't so green, now!"

"Well, anyhow, mas'r wants Bill and Jerry geared right up;

and you and I's to go with Mas'r Haley, arter her.'

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him. Sam approached with as good a determination to pay court as did ever suitor after a vacant place at St. James's or Washington.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell

you to hurry."

"Bless you, missis I" said Sam, "horses won't be cotched all in a minute; they'd done clared out way down to the south pasture."

"Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; don't ride them too fast."

Mrs. Shelby spoke the last words with a low voice, and strong

emphasis.

Let dis child alone for dat ! " said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning. "Yes, missis, I'll look out for de horses!"

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech-tree, "you see I wouldn't be 'tall surprised if dat ar gen't'man's crittur should gib a fling by and by, when he comes to be a gettin' up. You know, Andy, critturs will do such things;" and therewith Sam poked Andy in the side, in a highly suggestive manner.

"Hi!" said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

"Yes, you see, Andy, missis wants to make time-dat ar's clar to der most or'nary 'bserver. I jis make a little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin' permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I 'spec mas'r won't be off in a'- b' hurry."

Andy grinned.

"Yer see," said Sam, 'yer see, Andy, if any such thing should happen as that Mas'r Haley's horse should begin to act contrary, and cut up, you and I jist lets go of our'n to help him. and we'll help him-oh, yes!" And Sam and Andy laid their heads back on their shoulders, and broke into a low, immoderate laugh, snapping their fingers and flourishing their heels with exquisite delight.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

T is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's sufferings and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object-the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above-" Lord, help!

Lord, save me ! "

If it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning-if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered. and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape-how fast could you walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom-the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck? For the child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep-

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"
"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler

cheek and a brighter light in her large, dark eyes.

"You're sure, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, sure!" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements. It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel so that the weak becomes so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar

objects upon the open highway. She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections in a little village not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that she could only hope in God. As she was also so white as not to be known as of coloured lineage without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

An hour before sunset she entered the village by the Ohio River, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan

of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small inn on the bank, to

make a few inquiries

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

Isn't there any ferry or boat that takes people over."

WIN

'No, indeed I the boats have stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly:

"Maybe you're wanting to get over-anybody sick? Ye seem

mighty anxious !"

I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I did not hear of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly

sympathies were much aroused; "I'm really consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small black building, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if't was any way prudent."

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he dar's to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

" Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I have hurried him

on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, showing her to a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen,

surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about threequarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back as they swept

by the window, round to the door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling, leaping, slipping; springing upward again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man

helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes !- save me-do hide me! "said Eliza."

"Why," said the man, ' if 'tan't Shelby's gal !"

"My child !-this boy !-he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like

grit, wherever I see it!"

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused, "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go thar," said he, pointing to a large white house wnich stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you-they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.
"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked away. Haley had stood, a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank inquiring

look on Sam and Andy.

"Good-evening, mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity, "Mas'r Haley, won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night; " and with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs they ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up. Immediately they were off at full speed-their shouts of laugnter coming faintly on the wind.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNCIL IN THE TAVERN

LIZA made her desperate retreat across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank, and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern to ponder further what was to be done. The woman opened to him the door of a little parlour, covered with a rag carpet, and here Haley sat him down to meditate on the instability of human hopes and happiness in general.

He was startled by the loud and dissonant voice of a man who was

dismounting at the door, and hurried to the window.

"By the land! if this yer an't the nearest, now, to what I've heard folks call Providence," said Haley. "I do b'lieve that ar's Tom Loker."

Haley hastened out. Standing by the bar, in the corner of the room, was a brawny, muscular man, full six feet in height, and broad in proportion. He was dressed in a coat of buffalo skin, made with the hair outward, which gave him a shaggy and fierce appearance, perfectly in keeping with the whole air of his physiognomy. In the

head and face every organ and lineament expressive of brutal and unhesitating violence was in a state of the highest possible develop-Indeed, could our readers fancy a bull-dog come unto man's estate, and walking about in a hat and coat, they would have no unapt idea of the general style and effect of his physique. accompanied by a travelling companion, in many respects an exact contrast to himself. He was short and slender, lithe and catlike in his motions, and had a peering, mousing expression about his keen black eyes, with which every feature of his face seemed sharpened into sympathy; his thin, long nose ran out as if it was eager to bore into the nature of things in general; his sleek, thin black hair was stuck eagerly forward, and all his motions and evolutions expressed a dry, cautious acuteness. The great big man poured out a big tumbler half full of raw spirits, and gulped it down without a word. The little man stood tip-toe, and putting his head first to one side and then to the other, and snuffing considerately in the direction of the various bottles, ordered at last a mint julep, in a thin and quivering voice.

"Wal, now, who'd a thought this yer luck 'ad come to me? Why, Loker, how are ye?" said Haley, coming forward and

extending his hand to the big man.

The mousing man, who bore the name of Marks, instantly stopped his sipping, and poking his head forward, looked shrewdly on the new acquaintance, as a cat sometimes looks at a moving dry leaf, or some other possible object of pursuit.

"I say, Tom, this yer's the luckiest thing in the world. I'm in

an awful hobble, and you must help me out."

"Ugh! aw! like enough!" grunted his complacent acquaint-"A body may be pretty sure of that, when you're glad to see 'em; something to be made of 'em."

"You've got a friend here?" said Haley, looking doubtfully at

Marks; "partner, perhaps?"
"Yes, I have. Here, Marks! here's that ar feller that I was in with in Natchez."

"Shall be pleased with his acquaintance," said Marks, thrusting out a long, thin hand, like a raven's claw. "Mr. Haley, I believe?"
"The same, sir," said Haley. "And now, gentlemen, seein' as

we've met so happily, I think I'll stand up to a small matter of a treat in this here parlour."

Behold, then, the candles lighted, the fire stimulated to the burning point in the grate, and our three worthies seated round a table, well spread with all the accessories to good and sympathetic

fellowship.

Haley began a pathetic recital of his peculiar troubles. Loker shut up his mouth, and listened to him with gruff and surly attention. Marks, who was anxiously and with much fidgeting compounding a tumbler of punch to his own peculiar taste, occasionally looked up from his employment, and, poking his sharp nose and chin almost into Haley's face, gave the most earnest heed to the whole parrative. The conclusion of it appeared to amuse him extremely, for he shook his shoulders and sides in silence, and perked up his thin lips with an air of great internal enjoyment.

"So, then, ye're fairly sewed up, an't ye?" he said.

"This yer young-un business makes lots of trouble in the trade," said Haley dolefully.

"Now, Mr. Haley, let's go to business, what is it? You want us

to undertake to catch this yer gal?"

"The gal's no matter of mine—she's Shelby's; it's only the boy. I was a fool for buying the monkey!"

"This yer gal, Mr. Haley, how is she? What is she?"

"Wal! white and handsome—well brought up. I'd a gin Shelby

eight hundred and then made well on her."

'White and handsome-well brought up I" said Marks, his sharp eyes, nose, and mouth all alive with enterprise. "Look here, now, Loker, a beautiful opening. We'll do a business here on our own account; we does the catchin'; the boy, of course, goes to Mr. Haley-we takes the gal to Orleans to speculate on. An't it beautiful?"

Loker, whose great heavy mouth had stood ajar during this communication, now suddenly snapped it together, as a big dog closes on a piece of meat, and seemed to be digesting the idea at

his leisure.

"But, gentlemen, an't I to come in for a share of the profits?" said Haley.

"An't it enough we catch the boy for ye?" said Loker. "What

do ye want?"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I gives you the job, it's worth something,

say ten per cent. on the profits, expenses paid."

"Now," said Loker, with a tremendous oath, and striking the table with his heavy fist, "don't I know you, Dan Haley? Don't you think to come it over me! Suppose Marks and I have taken up the catchin' trade, jest to 'commodate gentlemen like you, and get nothin' for ourselves? Not by a long chalk! we'll have the gal out and out, and you keep quiet, or, ye see, we'll have both : what's to hinder?"

"Oh, wal, certainly, jest let it go at that," said Haley, alarmed; "you catch the boy for the job; you allers did trade far with me, Tom, and was up to yer word, and if you'd only promise to have the boy for me in a week, at any point you name, that's all I want."

"But it an't all I want, by a long jump," said Tom. "You don't think I did business with you down in Natchez for nothing, Haley; I've learned to hold an eel, when I catch him. You've got to fork over fifty dollars, flat down, or we don't start."

"If I find the young un, I'll bring him on to Cincinnati, and leave

him at Granny Belcher's on the landing."

"We must cross the river to-night, Marks," said Tom.

"But there's no boat about," said Marks. "The ice is running

awfully, Tom; an't it dangerous?"

"Don'no nothing 'bout that-only it's got to be done," said Tom decidedly. The long and short is, you're scared, but I can't help that—you've got to go. Suppose you want to lie by a day or two, till the gal's been carried on the underground line up to Sandusky or so, before you start ! "

"Oh, no; I an't a grain afraid," said Marks; "only-"

"Well," said Loker, "I'll just step out to the bar and make some inquiries."

He returned instantly, saying, "the man's come with the boat;

so, Marks-

That worthy cast a rueful look at the comfortable quarters he was leaving, but slowly rose to obey. After exchanging a few words of further arrangement, Haley, with visible reluctance, handed over the fifty dollars to Tom. and the worthy trio separated for the night.

While this scene was going on at the tavern, Sam and Andy, in a

state of high felicitation, pursued their way home.

Sam was in the highest possible feather, and expressed his exultation by all sorts of supernatural howls and ejaculations, by divers odd motions and contortions of his whole system. Sometimes he would draw on a grave face and begin to lecture Andy in high-sounding tones for laughing and playing the fool. Anon, slapping his sides with his arms, he would burst forth in peals of laughter that made the old woods ring as they passed. With all this he contrived to keep the horses up to the top of their speed, until, between ten and eleven, their heels resounded on the gravel at the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

" Is that you, Sam? Where are they?"

"Mas'r Haley's a-restin' at the tavern; he's drefful fatigued,"

" And Eliza, Sam?"

"Wal, she's clar 'cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the land o' Canaan."

"Why, Sam, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Shelby, breathless, and almost faint, as the possible meaning of these words came over her.

"Wal, missis, de Lord He presarves His own. Lizy's done gone over the river into 'Hio, as 'markably as if de Lord took ner over in a charrit of fire and two hosses."

"Come up here, Sam," said Mr. Shelby, who had followed on to the verandah, "and tell your mistress what she wants. Come, Emily," said he, passing his arm round her, " you are all in a shiver; you allow yourself to feel too much."

"Feel too much! Am I not a woman—a mother? Are we not both responsible to God for this poor girl? My God! lay not this

sin to our charge."

"Now, Sam, tell us distinctly how the matter was," said Mr. elby. "Where is Eliza, if you know?"

"Wal, mas'r, I saw her, with my own eyes, a crossin' on the floatin' ice. She crossed most 'markably; it wasn't no less nor a miracle; and I saw a man help her up the 'Hio side, and then she was lost in the dusk."

"Sam, I think this rather apocryphal—this miracle. Crossing

on floating ice isn't so easily done," said Mr. Shelby.

"Easy I couldn't nobody a done it, without de Lord. Why, no gen'l'man noway; anybody's been raised as I've been can't

help a seein' dat ar.'

Well, Sam," said Mrs. Shelby, " as you appear to have a proper sense of your errors, you may go now and tell Aunt Chloe she may get you some cold ham that was left of dinner to-day. You and Andy must be hungry."

"Missis is a heap too good for us," said Sam, making his bow

with alacrity, and departing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SENATOR'S HOME.

THE light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosy parlour, and glittered on the sides of the teacups and well-brightened teapot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots, preparatory to inserting his feet in a pair of new, handsome slippers which his wife had been working for him while away on his senatorial tour. Mrs. Bird, looking the very picture of delight, was superintending the arrangements of the table, ever and anon mingling admonitory remarks to a number of frolicsome juveniles, who were effervescing in all those modes of untold gambol and mischief that have astonished mothers ever since the flood.

"Tom, let the door-knob alone—there's a man! Mary! Mary! don't pull the cat's tail—poor pussy! Jim, you mustn't climb on that table—no, no!—You don't know, my dear, what a surprise it is to us all, to see you here to-night!" she said, at last, when she

found a space to say something to her husband.

"Yes, yes, I thought I'd just make a run down, spend the night, and have a little comfort at home. I'm tired to death, and my head aches! A cup of your good, hot tea, and some of our good home living, is what I want. It's a tiresome business, this legislating!"

And the senator smiled, as if he rather liked the idea of considering

himself a sacrifice to his country.

"Well," said his wife, after the business of the tea-table was over,

"and what have they been doing in the Senate?"

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the house of the State, very wisely considering that she had enough to do to mind her own affairs. Mr. Bird, therefore, opened his eyes in great surprise, and said: "Not very much of importance."

At this moment old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "Missis would come into the kitchen." Our senator looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, seating himself in the

arm-chair, began to read the paper.

After a moment, his wife's voice was heard at the door, in a quick,

earnest tone—" John | John | come here a moment."

He laid down his paper and went into the kitchen, and started quite amazed at the sight that presented itself: A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone, and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face, yet none could help feeling its mournful and pathetic beauty, while its stony sharpness, its cold, fixed, deathly aspect, struck a solemn chill over him. He drew his breath

short, and stood in silence. His wife, and their only coloured domestic, old Aunt Dinah, were busily engaged in restorative measures; while old Cudjoe had got a boy on his knee, and had pulled off his shoes and stockings, and was chafing his little cold feet.

"Sure, now, if she an't a sight to behold!" said old Dinah compassionately; "'pears like 'twas the heat that made her faint. She was tol'able peart when she cum in, and asked if she couldn't warm herself here a spell; and I was just a askin' her where she cum from, and she fainted right down. Never done much hard work, guess, by the looks of her hands."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bird, as the woman slowly opened her large, dark eyes, and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying,

"Oh, my Harry'! Have they got him?"

The boy at this jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and, running to her side, put up his arms. "Oh, he's here! he's here!" she exclaimed, with evident great relief.

"Oh, ma'am!" said she wildly, to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us!

don't let them get him !"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you!" said the woman, covering her face and

sobbing; while the little boy tried to get into her lap.

With many gentle and womanly offices which none knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, the poor woman was, in time, rendered more calm. A temporary bed was provided for her on the settle, near the fire; and, after a short time, she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm; for the mother resisted with nervous anxiety the kindest attempts to take him from her; and even in her sleep her arms encircled him with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled of her vigilant hold.

Some time later, Dinah looked in to the parlour to say that the

woman was awake, and wanted to see missis.

Mr and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen and found the woman now sitting up on the settle by the fire. She was looking steadily into the blaze with a calm, heartbroken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

"Did you want me?" said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. "I hope

you feel better now, poor woman ! "

A long-drawn, shivering sigh was the only answer; but she lifted her dark eyes and fixed them on her with such a forlorn and imploring expression that the tears came into the little woman's eyes.

"You needn't be afraid of anything; we are friends here. Tell

me where you came from, and what you want," said she.
"I came from Kentucky," said the woman.

"When?" said Mr. Bird, taking up the interrogatory.

"To-pight." "How did you come?" "I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice!" said every one present.

"Yes," said the woman slowly "I did. God helping me, I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me and there was no other way!"

"Law, said Cudjoe, "the ice is all in broken-up blocks, a-swinging and a-tettering up and down in the water."

"I know it was—I know it!" said she wildly; "but I did it. I wouldn't have thought I could—I didn't think I should get over, but I didn't care! I could but die, if I didn't. The Lord helped me; nobody knows how much the Lord can help 'em till they try," said the woman, with a flashing eye.

"Were you a slave?" asked Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir-no! my mistress was always good to me."

"What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?"

The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird with a keen, scrutinising

glance and noticed she was dressed in deep mourning.

"Ma'am," she said suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?"
The question was unexpected, and it was a thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

Mr. Bird turned around and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird

burst into tears, but, recovering, she said:

"Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one."

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another—left 'em buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride, day and night; and, ma'am, they were going to take him away from me—to sell him—sell him down South, ma'am, to go all alone—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I couldn't stand it, ma'am. I knew I never should be good for anything, if they did; and when I knew the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me—the man that bought him, and some of mas'r's folks—and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice; and how I got across, I don't know—but, first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank."

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but every one around her was showing signs of hearty sympathy. Mrs. Bird had her face fairly hidden in her pocket handkerchief; and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord have mercy on us!" while old Cudjoe, rubbing his eyes very hard with his cuffs, and making a most uncommon variety of wry faces, occasionally responded in the same key, with great fervour. Our senator was a statesman, and, of course, could not be expected to cry like other mortals; and so he turned his back to the company, and looked out of the window, and seemed particularly busy in clearing his throat, and wiping his spectacle glasses, occasionally blowing his nose in a manner that was calculated to excite suspicion, had any one been in a state to observe critically.

"How came you to say that you had a kind master?" he suddenly exclaimed, gulping down very resolutely some kind of rising in his

throat, and turning round upon the woman.

"Because he was a kind master; I'll say that of him, anyway

and my mistress was kind; but they couldn't help themselves. They were owing money; and there was some way, I can't tell how, that a man had a hold on them, and they were obliged to give him his will. I listened, and heard him telling mistress that, and she begging and pleading for me—and he told her he couldn't help himself, and that the papers were all drawn;—and then it was I took him and left my home, and came away. I knew 'twas no use of my trying to live, if they did it; for this child is all I have."

"Have you no husband?"

"Yes, but he belongs to another man. His master is real hard to him, and won't let him come to see me, hardly ever; and he's grown harder and harder upon us, and he threatens to sell him down South; it's like I'll never see him again."

The quiet tone in which the woman pronounced these words might have led a superficial observer to think that she was entirely apathetic; but there was a calm, settled depth of anguish in her

large, dark eye, that spoke far otherwise.

"And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?"

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air, to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Much farther than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird; "but we will try to think what can be done for you. Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, close by the kitchen, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning. Meanwhile, never fear, poor woman; put your trust in God; He will protect you."

Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlour. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself. "Pshaw! confounded awkward business!" until at

length, striding up to his wife, he said:

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here, this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early to-morrow morning; if 'twas only the woman, she could lie quiet till it was over; but that little chap can't be kept still by a troop of horse and foot, I'll warrant me; he'll bring it all out, popping his head out of some window or door. A pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here, just now! No; they'll have to be got off to-night."

"To-night! How is it possible?—where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator with a reflective air, beginning to put on his boots; and, stopping when his leg was half in, he embraced his knee with both hands, and seemed

to go off in deep meditation.

"You see," he said, "there's my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it's a place that isn't found in a hurry. There she'd be safe enough; but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there to-night, but me."

"Why not? Cudjoe is an excellent driver."

"Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has to be crossed twice; and the second crossing is quite dangerous, unless one knows it

rakishly to one side—these were your men of humour, jolly, freeand-easy dogs; some had them jammed independently down over their noses-these were your hard characters, thorough men, who, when they wore their hats, wanted to wear them, and to wear them just as they had a mind to; there were those who had them set far over back-wide-awake men, who wanted a clear prospect; while careless men, who did not know, or care how their hats sat, had them shaking about in all directions. The various hats, in fact, were quite a Shakespearean study.

Divers negroes, in very free-and-easy pantaloons, and with no redundancy in the shirt line, were scuttling about, hither and thither, without bringing to pass any very particular results, except expressing a generic willingness to turn over everything in creation generally for the benefit of mas'r and his guests. Add to this picture a jolly, crackling, rollicking fire, going rejoicingly up a great wide chimney-the outer door and every window being wide open, and the calico window-curtain flopping and snapping in a good stiff breeze of damp, raw air-and you have an idea of the jollities of a

Kentucky tavern.

Into such an assembly of the free-and-easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and . particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the bar-room with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantel-piece, who was spitting from right to left, with a courage and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits.

"I say, stranger, how are ye?" said the aforesaid gentleman,

firing an honorary salute of tobacco-juice in his direction.

"Well, I reckon," was the reply of the other, as he dodged, with some alarm, the threatening honour.

"Chaw?" said the first speaker, handing the old gentleman a

bit of his tobacco, with a decidedly brotherly air.
"No, thank ye—it don't agree with me," said the little man, edging off.

Don't, eh?" said the other, easily, stowing away the morsel

in his own mouth.

"What's that?" said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large hand-bill.

"Nigger advertised!" said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson, for that was the old gentleman's name, rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and,

this operation being performed, read as follows :-

"Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H.

"I will give four hundred dollars for him alive and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed."

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end, in a

low voice, as if he were studying it intently.

The long-legged veteran now took down his cumbrous length, and rearing aloft his tall form, walked up to the advertisement. Having glanced over the bill, he loudly expressed himself to the company thus: "Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way o' treating on him deserves to lose him. Such papers as these is a shame to Kentucky; that's my mind right out, if anybody wants to know!"

"Well, now, that's a fact," said mine host, as he made an entry in

his book

Here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of a small one-horse buggy to the inn. It had a genteel appearance, and a well-dressed, gentlemanly man sat on the seat, with a coloured

servant driving.

The whole party examined the new-comer with the interest with which a set of loafers in a rainy day usually examine every new-comer. He was very tall, with a dark, Spanish complexion, fine, expressive black eyes, and close-curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely-formed limbs impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon. He walked easily in among the company, and with a nod indicated to his waiter where to place his trunk, bowed to the company, and, with his hat in his hand, walked up leisurely to the bar, and gave in his name as Henry Butler, Oaklands, Shelby County. Turning, with an indifferent air, he sauntered up to the advertisement, and read it over.

" Jim," he said to his man, " seems to me we met a boy something

like this, up at Bernan's, didn't we?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Jim, "only I an't sure about the hand."

"Well, I didn't look, of course," said the stranger, with a careless yawn. Then, walking up to the landlord, he desired him to furnish him with a private apartment, as he had some writing to do immediately.

The landlord was all obsequiousness, and a relay of about seven negroes, old and young, male and female, little and big, were soon whizzing about, like a covey of partridges, bustling, hurrying, treading on each other's toes, and tumbling over each other, in their zeal to get mas'r's room ready, while he seated himself easily on a chair in the middle of the room, and entered into conversation

with the man who sat next to him.

The manufacturer, Mr. Wilson, from the time of the entrance of the stranger, had regarded him with an air of disturbed and uneasy curiosity. He seemed to have met and been acquainted with him somewhere, but he could not recollect. Every few moments, when the man spoke, or moved, or smiled, he would start and fix his eyes on him, and then suddenly withdraw them, as the bright, dark eyes met his with such unconcerned coolness. At last, a sudden recollection seemed to flash upon him, for he stared at the stranger with such an air of blank amazement and alarm, that he walked up to him,

A SMALL COUNTRY HOTEL

"Mr. Wilson, I think," he said, in a tone of recognition, and extending his hand. "I beg your pardon, I didn't recollect you before. I see you remember me-Mr. Butler of Oaklands, Shelby

County."

"Ye-yes-yes, sir," said Mr. Wilson, as if in a dream.

Just then a negro boy entered, and announced that mas'r's

room was ready.

" Jim, see to the trunks," said the gentleman negligently; then addressing himself to Mr. Wilson, he added-" I should like to have a few moments' conversation with you on business, in my room, if you please."

Mr. Wilson followed him, as one who walks in his sleep; and they proceeded to a large upper chamber, where a new-made fire was crackling, and various servants flying about, putting finishing

touches to the arrangements.

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and folding his arms on his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

"George I" said Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, George," said the young man.

"I couldn't have thought it!

"I am pretty well disguised, I fancy,' said the young man, with "A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a gentcel brown, and I've dyed my hair black; so you see I don't answer to the advertisement at all."

"Oh, George! but this is a dangerous game you are playing.

I could not have advised you to it."

"I can do it on my own responsibility," said George, with the

same proud smile.

We remark, en passant, that George was, by his father's side, of white descent. His mother was one of those unfortunates of her race, marked out by personal beauty to be the slave of the passions of her possessor, and the mother of children who may never know a father. From one of the proudest families in Kentucky he had inherited a set of fine European features, and a high, indomitable spirit. From his mother he had received only a slight mulatto tinge, amply compensated by its accompanying rich, dark eye. A slight change in the tint of the skin and the colour of his hair had metamorphosed him into the Spanish-looking fellow he then appeared; and as gracefulness of movement and gentlemanly; manners had always been perfectly natural to him, he found no difficulty in playing the bold part he had adopted that of as gentleman travelling with his domestic.

Mr. Wilson, a good-natured but extremely fidgety and cautious old gentleman, ambled up and down the room, divided between his wish to help George, and a certain confused notion of maintaining

law and order.

"Well, George, I s'pose you're running away-leaving your lawful master, George—(I don't wonder at it)—at the same time, I'm sorry, George—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that, George—it's my duty to stell you so,"

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"Why are you sorry, sir?" said George calmly.

"Why, to see you, as it were, setting yourself in opposition to

the laws of your country."

"My country!" said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; what country have I, but the grave—and I wish to God that I was laid there!"

"Well, well," said the honest old man, fumbling in his pocket, and, taking out a roll of bills from his pocket-book, he offered them to

George.

"No; my kind, good sir!" said George; "you've done a great deal for me, and this might get you into trouble. I have money

enough, I hope, to take me as far as I need it."

"No! but you must. George. Money is a great help everywhere; can't have too much, if you get it honestly. Take it—do take it, now—do, my boy!"

"On condition, sir, that I may repay it at some future time, I

will," said George, taking up the money.

"And now, George, how long are you going to travel in this way?"
—not long or far, I hope. It's well carried on, but too bold. And

this black fellow-wno is he?"

"A true fellow, who went to Canada more than a year ago. He heard, after he got there, that his master was so angry at him for going off, that he had whipped his poor old mother; and he has come all the way back to comfort her, and get a chance to get her away."

" Has he got her?"

"Not yet; he has been hanging about the place, and found no chance yet. Meanwhile he is going with me as far as Ohio, to put me among friends that helped him, and then he will come back after her."

"Dangerous, very dangerous," said the old man.

"Mr. Wilson, you have shown yourself a Christian in your treatment of me—I want to ask one last deed of you."

"Well, George."

"Well, sir—what you said was true. I am running a dreadful risk. There isn't on earth a living soul to care if I die," he added, drawing his breath hard and speaking with a great effort—"I shall be kicked out and buried like a dog, and nobody 'll think of it a day after—only my poor wife! Poor soul! she'll mourn and grieve; and if you'd only contrive, Mr. Wilson, to send this little pin to her. She gave it to me for a Christmas present, poor child! Give it to her, and tell her I loved her to the last. Will you? Will you?"

"Yes, certainly," said the old gentleman, taking the pin, with

watery eyes, and a melancholy quiver in his voice.

"Tell her one thing," said George; "it's my last wish, if she can get to Canada, to go there. No matter how kind her mistress is—no matter how much she loves her home; beg her not to go back—for slavery always ends in misery. Tell her to bring up her boy a free man, and then he won't suffer as I have. Tell her this, Mr. Wilson, will you?"

"Yes, George, I'll tell her; but I trust you won't die; take heart -you're a brave fellow. Trust in the Lord, George. I wish in my

heart you were safe through."

CHAPTER XI.

THE AUCTION MART.

TR. HALEY and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing,-seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects-it is wonderful what a variety we shall find

in these same reflections !

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom he had favoured; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained !

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkable fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph :-

EXECUTOR'S SALE .- NEGROES !- Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Courthouse door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

"SAMUEL MORRIS, Executors." "THOMAS FLINT, J

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to. "Ye see, I'm going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye. Tom; it'll make it sociable and pleasant like-good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail while I does the business."

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and unright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow-not having very much else to be proud of; if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he perhaps never would have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated

in Washington-the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps-smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turnswaiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the orly survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be 'feared, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might

manage to sell you in a lot both together."

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking " I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour-I'm worth a buying, if I do come cheap; tell 'em dat ar-you tell 'em," she added

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions, to show his muscles; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump. to show his agility.

He an't gwine to be sold widout me," said the woman, with passionate eagerness; "he and I goes in a lot together; I's rail

strong yet, mas'r, and can do heaps o' work, mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with contemptuous glance.

"What think of 'em?" said a man who had been following Haley's examination, as if to make up his own mind.

"Wal," said Haley, spitting, "I shall put in, I think for the youngerly ones and the boy."

"They want to sell the boy and the old woman together," said

the man.

"Find it a tight pull; why, she's an old rack of bones-not worth her salt."

"You wouldn't, then?" said the man.

"Anybody'd be a fool 'twould. She's half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot."

"Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there's a sight more

wear in 'em than a body'd think," said the man.

"No go, 'tall," said Haley; "wouldn't take her for a presentfact-I've seen, now."

"Wal, 'tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son-she

seems so sot on him-s'pose they fling her in cheap."

"Them that's got money to spend that ar way, it's all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand; wouldn't be bothered with her, no way-not if they'd give her to me," said Haley.

She'll take on desp't," said the man. "Nat'lly, she will,' said the trader coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience, and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to yer mammy, Albert-close-dey'll put us up

togedder," she said.

'Oh, mammy, I'm feared they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said

the old creature vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, " be up and show your springs.

"Put us two up togedder, togedder-do please, mas'r," said the

old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off," said the man gruffly, pusning her hands away; "you come last. Now, darkey, spring;" and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids-now here, now there—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands.

"Buy me too, mas'r, for de dear Lord's sake !-buy me-I shall die if you don't !"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley-"no!"

And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her tor a trifle.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother,

whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Couldn't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said one sorrowfully. "What good will it do?" said she, sobbing passionately.

"Mother, mother—don't! don't" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care-I don't care. Oh, Albert! oh, my boy! you's

my last baby. Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley dryly;

"don't do no good for her to go on that ar way."

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master's wagon, strove to comfort her.

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in

various points along shore.

The La Belle Riviere, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gaily down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the Stripes and Stars of free America waving and fluttering overhead; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing—all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up, briskly, "I hope you keep up good heart, and are cheerful. Now, no sulks; keep stiff upper lip;

do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable, "Yes, mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it is to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful; they had their various little prejudices in favour of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time.

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee—"and

she don't know a word about this, poor girl!"

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I could see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It was rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And overhead, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on

quite easy and comfortable.

"Oh, mamma," said a boy, who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

" Poor creatures !" said the mother, with indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother. "And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen ! "

said another lady.

"Oh, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. "I've been South, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections,

such as the separating of families."

"That is a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently

on its trimmings; "but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."
"Oh, it does," said the first lady eagerly; "I've lived many
years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make any one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, your two children there, should be taken from you, and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of

persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so," answered the first lady warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they do feel, just as keenly-even more so, perhaps—as we do."

The lady said "Indeed I" yawned, and looked out of the cabin window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun-" After all, I think they are better off than they

would be to be free."

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants-kept in a low condition." said a gravelooking gentleman in black, seated by the cabin door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall

man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable

reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not

set up our opinion against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go ahead and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence-won't we, squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man, "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer

view's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley.
"I never thought on't," said Haley. "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I han't no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 'tan't right, I calculated to 'pent on't in time,

ye know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name?—and 'twould all have come right." And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, " 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "that is Scripture, as

much as 'Cursed be Canaan.' "

"Wal, it seems quite as plain a text, stranger," said John the

drover, " to poor fellows like us, now."

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual

steamboat rush to see where they were landing.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated—" John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft-every day told-of heart-strings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told; -every day is telling it-telling it, too, in the ear of One

who is not deaf, though He be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend." he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence

One day, when the boat stopped at a small town in Kentucky,

Haley went off on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time he saw the trader returning with an alert step, in company with a coloured woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a coloured man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking as she came, with the man who bere her trunk, and so passed into the boat. The bell rung, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the

lower deck, and sitting down, busied herself with her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom noticed a cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that

she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe it-I won't believe it!" he heard her say.

"You're jist a foolin' with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you-so, now!"

"I don't believe mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!"

said the woman, with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. "Here," he said, to a man that was passing by, " jist read this yer. This yer gal won't believe me when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, " making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight

enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exciamations collected a crowd around

her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause.

"He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works -that's what mas'r told me, his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the

papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"Going to take it easy, after all !" said the trader.

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head—the gentle breeze, that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed to grow calmer, and busied herself with nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong for his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never for a moment still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him,

and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby's

general depository, to wit, his mouth.
"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled, and walked on. When he had got to the other side

of the boat, he came across Haley.

The stranger produced a match and lighted a cigar, saying, "Decentish kind o' wench you've got round there, stranger."
"Why, I reckon she is tol'able fair," said Haley.
"Taking her down South? Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm fillin' out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook; and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I looked at 'em."

"They won't want the young 'un on a plantation," "I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley.

"S'pose you'd be selling him tol'able cheap," said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley; "he's a pretty smart

young un-straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick!' "True, but there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley; "they is raised as easy as any critter there is going; they ain't a bit more trouble than pups.

This yer chap will be running all round, in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "One cook lost a young un last week-got drownded in a wash-tub, while she was a hanging out clothes-and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the

man resumed-"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you must get him off yer hand, anyhow?"

Haley shook his head; "That won't do, no ways."
"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I could raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's oncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars, six months hence; and, in a year or two,

he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot ;-so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now." "Oh, stranger! that's ridiculous, altogether," said the man.

"Fact I" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him, but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision. " I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed I" said the man, after an interval. "Done I" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.
"Louisville?" said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep-all fair-get him off quietly, and no screaming-happens beautiful-I like to do everything quietly-I hates all kind of agitation and fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the

trader's, he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprang to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope, she pressed forward to the front rails, and straining her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up, and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the

crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting therethe child was gone.

"Why, why-where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know, you couldn't take him down South; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll

raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the North, lately, in which he had completely overcome every bumane weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought, with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of this peculiar institution, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight

and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to ad-

minister such consolation as the case admitted of.

"I know this yer comes kinder hard, at first, Lucy," said he, "but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won't give way to it. You see it's necessary, and can't be helped!"

"Oh! don't, mas'r, don't!" said the woman, with a voice

like one that is smothering.

"You're a smart wench, Lucy," he persisted; "I mean to get ye a nice place down river; and you'll soon get another husband—

such a likely gal as you—-

"Oh! mas'r, if you only won't talk to me now," said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak. -

The trader walked up and down for a time, and occasionally

stopped and looked at her.

Takes it hard, rather," he soliloquised.

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalise, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Coristianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an every-day incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which some American divines tell us has no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life. But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the wrongs of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal thing, which American state law coolly classes with the bales and boxes, among which she is lying.

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not

feel.

Night came on-night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining

down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice nor helping hand from that distant sky. One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature-"Oh! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!" and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

Something black At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head-the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed

above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In His patient, generous bosom He bears the anguish of a world, and sure as He is God, "the year of His redeemed shall come."

The trader waked up early, and came out to see to his live-stock.

It was now his turn to look about in perplexity. "Where alive is that gal?" he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called on to state his observations and suspicions, but said he did not know.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes,

bales, and barrels, but in vain.

"Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer," he said, when, after "You know a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing. something about it now. Don't tell me—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o'clock, and ag'in at twelve, and ag'in between one and two; and then at four she was gone, and you was a sleeping right there all the time. Now you know something-you can't help it."

"Well, mas'r," said Tom, "towards morning something brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That's all I

know on't."

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He therefore, sat discontentedly down, with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of losses !

CHAPTER XII.

THE QUAKER SETTLEMENT,

QUIET scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatlypainted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cookingstove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of unmentionable good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm: a small flat-bottomed rocking-chair, with a patchwork cushion in it, neatly contrived out of small pieces of different coloured woollen goods, and a larger-sized one, motherly and old, whose wide arms breathed hospitable invitation, seconded by the solicitation of its feather cushions—a real comfortable, persuasive old chair, and worth, in the way of honest, homely enjoyment, a dozen of your plush or brocatelle drawing-room gentry; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, paler and thinner than in her Kentucky home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under the shadow of her long eyelashes, and marking the outline of her gentle mouth. It was plain to see how old and firm the girlish heart was grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when, anon, her large dark eye was raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was sporting, like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap, into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse crape cap, made after the straight Quaker pattern—the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom—the drab shawl and dress—showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except "Peace on earth, goodwill to men;" and beneath shone a large pair of clear honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever

throbbed in woman's bosom.

"And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?" she said, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza firmly. "I must go onward. I dare

"And what'll thee do, when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter."

"My daughter" came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hands trembled, and some tears fell on her fine work; but she answered firmly, "I shall do anything I can find."

"Thee knows thee can stay here, as long as thee pleases."
"Oh, thank you," said Eliza; "but"—she pointed to Harry— "I can't sleep nights; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard."
"Poor child I" said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but thee mustn't

The Lord hath ordered it so that never hath a fugitive

been stolen from our village."

The door here opened, and a little short, round, pincushiony woman stood at the door, with a cheery, blooming face, like a ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin folded neatly across her round, plump little chest.

"Ruth Stedman," said Rachel, coming forward; "how is thee,

Ruth?" she said, heartily taking both her hands.

"Nicely," said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet, and dusting it with her handkerchief, displaying, as she did so, a round little head, on which the Quaker cap sat with a sort of jaunty air, despite all the stroking and patting of the small fat hands, which were busily applied to arranging it. Certain stray locks of decidedly curly hair, too, had escaped here and there, and had to be coaxed and cajoled into their place again; and then the new-comer, who hight have been five-and-twenty, turned from the small lookingglass, before which she had been making these arrangements, and looked well pleased—as most people who looked at her might have been-for she was decidedly a wholesome, whole-hearted, chirruping little woman, as ever gladdened man's heart withal.

"Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the little boy I

told thee of."

"I'm glad to see thee, Eliza-very," said Ruth, shaking hands, as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting; "and this is thy dear boy-I brought a cake for him," she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly.

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat

and pantaloons, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

"How is thee, Ruth?" he said warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; "and how is John?"

"On I John is well, and all the rest of our folks," said Ruth. "Any news, father?" said Rachel, as she was putting her

biscuits into the oven.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along to-night, with friends," said Simeon significantly, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink, in a little back porch.

"Indeed I" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully.

"Did thee say thy name was Harris?" said Simcon to Eliza,

as he re-entered.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered "Yes;" her fears, ever uppermost, suggesting that possibly there might be advertisements out for her.

"Mother!" said Simeon, calling Rachel out.
"What does thee want, father?" said Rachel, rubbing her floury hands as she went into the porch.

"This child's husband is in the settlement and will be here to-night," said Simeon.

"Now, thee doesn't say that, father?" said Rachel, all her

face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men; and one said his name was George Harris; and from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, likely fellow, too. Shall we tell her now?"

"Let's tell Ruth," said Rachel. "Here, Ruth-come here." Ruth laid down her knitting-work, and was in the back porch

in a moment.

"Ruth, what does thee think?" said Rachel. "Father says Eliza's husband is in the last company, and will be here to-night."

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as she clapped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

'Hush thee, dear!" said Rachel gently; "hush, Ruth! Tell

us, shall we tell her now?"

"Now! to be sure—this very minute. Why, now, suppose

'twas my John, how should I feel? Do tell her, right off."

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and opening the door of a small bedroom, said, gently, "Come in here, my daughter; I have news to tell thee."

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face, she rose, trembling with

nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy.

"No, no," said little Ruth, darting up, and seizing her hands. "Never thee fear; it's good news, Eliza-go in, go in!" And she gently pushed her to the door, which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

"Thee'll see thy father, little one. Does thee know it? Thy father is coming," she said, over and over again, as the boy looked

wonderingly at her.

Meanwhile, within the door, another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza toward her, and said, "The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage."

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down, pale and faint.

"Have courage," said Rachel, laying her hand on her head. "He

is among friends, and will be here to-night."
"To-night!" Eliza repeated; "to-night!" The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist for a moment.

When she awoke, she found herself snugly tucked up on the bed, with a blanket over her, and little Ruth rubbing her hands with camphor. She opened her eyes in a state of dreamy, delicious languor, such as one has who has long been bearing a heavy load, and now feels it gone, and would rest. The tension of the nerves, which had never ceased a moment since the first hour of her flight, had given way, and a strange feeling of security and rest came over her; and, as she lay, with her large, dark eyes open, she followed, as in a quiet dream, the motions of those about her. She saw the door open into the other room; saw the supper-table, with its snowy cloth; heard the dreamy murmur of the singing tea-kettle; saw Ruth tripping backward and forward, with plates of cake and saucers of preserves, and ever and anon stopping to put a cake into Harry's hand, or pat his head, or twine his long curls round her snowy fingers. She saw the ample, motherly form of Rachel, as she ever and anon came to the bedside, and smoothed and arranged something about the bedclothes, and gave a tuck here and there, by way of expressing her goodwill; and was conscious of a kind of sunshine beaming down upon her from her large, clear, brown eyes. saw Ruth's husband come in-saw her fly up to him, and commence whispering very earnestly, ever and anon, with impressive gestures, pointing her little finger toward the room. She saw her, with the baby in her arms, sitting down to tea; she saw them all at table, and little Harry in a high chair, under the shadow of Rachel's ample wing; there were low murmurs of talk, gentle tinkling of teaspoons, and musical clatter of cups and saucers, and all mingled in a delightful dream of rest; and Eliza slept, as sne had not slept before, since the fearful midright hour when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty star-light.

She dreamed of a beautiful country—a land, it seemed to her, of rest—green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing, a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her, his tears falling on her face, and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side: a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her

husband was sobbing by her pillow.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVANGELINE.

THE Mississippi! How, as by an enchanted wand, have its scenes been changed, since Chateaubriand wrote his prosepoetic description of it, as a river of mighty, unbroken solitudes, rolling amid undreamed wonders of vegetable and animal existence.

Those turbid waters, hurrying, foaming, tearing along, an apt resemblance of that headlong tide of business which is poured along its wave by a race more vehement and energetic than any the Old World ever saw. Ah! would that they did not also bear along a more fearful freight—the tears of the oppressed, the sighs of the helpless, the bitter prayers of poor, ignorant hearts to an unknown God—unknown, unseen, and silent, but who will yet "come out of His place to save all the poor of the earth!"

The slanting light of the setting sun quivers on the sea-like expanse of the river; the shivery canes, and the tall, dark cypress, hung with wreaths of dark, funereal moss, glow in the golden ray, as

the heavily-laden steamboat marches onward.

Piled with cotton-bales, from many a plantation, up over deck and sides, till she seems in the distance a square, massive block of gray, she moves heavily onward to the nearing mart. We must look some time among its crowded decks before we shall find again our humble friend Tom. High on the upper deck, in a little nook among the everywhere predominant cotton-bales, at last we may find him.

Partly from confidence inspired by Mr. Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley, and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he

pleased on the boat.

Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he

had won the good opinion of all the hands.

When there was nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in

studying over his Bible-and it is there we see him now.

For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans, the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was

approaching.

He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master;and as the moving picture passed on, his poor, foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches-to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and, near by, the little cabin, overgrown with the multiflora and begonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades who had grown up with him from infancy; he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meal; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee: and then, with a start, all faded, and he saw again the cane-brakes and cypresses and gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by for ever.

In such a case, you write to your wife, and send messages to your children; but Tom could not write-the mail for him had no existence, and the gulf of separation was unbridged by even a friendly

word or signal.

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible, as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and with patient finger, threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises? Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunately for him was it that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injurenay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each half aloud, he reads-

"Let-not-your-heart-be-troubled. In-my-Father'shouse-are-many-mansions. I-go-to-prepare-a-place-

His Bible was marked through, from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favourite passages, without the labour of spelling out what lay between them ;-and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to be related to both, and

to have the little one under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl -- for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze-nor was she one

that, once seen, could be easily forgotten.

Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aërial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy carnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust was peculiarly noble, and the long golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown-all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure. was always in motion, always with a half smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her-but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she close to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where these fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fleeted along.

Tom, who had the soft impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning toward the simple and childlike, watched the little creature with daily interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and wnenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind a cotton-bale, or over some ridge of packages, he half believed that he saw one of the angels stepped out of his New Testament.

Often and often she walked mournfully round the place where Haley's gang of men and women sat in their chains. She would glide in among them, and look at them with an air of perplexed and sorrowful earnestness; and sometimes she would lift their chains with her slender hands, and then sigh woefully, as she glided away. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of candy, nuts, and oranges, which she would distribute joyfully

to them, and then be gone again.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal, before he ventured on . any overtures towards acquaintanceship. He could cut cunning little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make grotesque faces on hickory-nuts, or odd jumping figures out of elder pith, and he was a very Pan in the manufacture of whistles of all sizes and sorts. These he now produced, with commendable prudence and economy, one

by one, as overtures for acquaintance and friendship.

The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For a while, she would perch like a canary-bird on some box or package near Tom, while busy in the little arts aforenamed, and take from him, with a kind of grave bashfulness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom, at last, when he thought

matters were ripe to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom

way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because you see, I like you "said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva." "Don't know?" said Eva.

"I'm going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and

Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place, the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had tollowed his child.

Tom was standing just under her, on the lower deck, as she fell. He saw her strike the water, and sink, and was after her in a moment,

A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep affoat in the water, till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hands stretched eagerly out to receive her.

It was a sultry, close day, the next day, as the steamer drew near to New Orleans. On the lower deck sat our friend Tom, with his arms folded, and anxiously, from time to time, turning his eyes

towards a group on the other side of the boat.

There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large clear blue eyes, though in form and colour exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold and bright, but with a light wholly of this world; the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening, with a goodhumoured, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's the damage, as they say in Kentucky, in short,

what's to be paid for this business?"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I should say thirteen hundred dollars

for that ar fellow, I shouldn't but just save myself."

"Poor fellow!" said the young man, fixing his keen, mocking blue eye on him; "but I suppose you'd let me have him for that, out of a particular regard for me?"

"Well, the young lady here seems to be sot on him."

"Oh! certainly, there's a call on your benevolence, my friend. Now, as a matter of Christian charity, how cheap could you afford to let him go, to oblige a young lady that's particular sot on him?"

"Wal, now, just think on't," said the trader; "just look at them limbs—broad-chested, strong as a horse. Look at his head; them high forrads allays shows calculatin' niggers, that'll do any kind o' thing. I've marked that ar. Now, a nigger of that ar heft and build is worth considerable, just, as you may say, for his body, supposin' he's stupid; but come to put in his calculatin' faculties, and them which I can show he has uncommon, why, of course, it makes him come higher. Why, that ar fellow managed his master's whole farm. He has a 'stror'nary talent for business."

"Bad, bad, very bad; knows altogether too much!" said the young man, with the same mocking smile playing about his mouth. "Never will do, in the world. Your smart fellows are always running off, stealing horses, and raising the devil generally. I think you'll have to take off a couple of hundred for his smartness."

"Wal, there might be something in that ar, if it warn't for his character; but I can show recommends from his master and others, to prove he is one of your real pious—the most humble, prayin', pious crittur ye ever did see. Why, he's been called a preacher in them parts he came from."

"And I might use him for a family chaplain, possibly," added the young man dryly. "That's quite an idea. Religion is a

scarce article at our house. Come, hand over your papers."

If the trader had not been sure, by a certain good-humoured twinkle in the large blue eye, that all this banter was sure, in the long run, to turn out a cash concern, he might have been somewhat out of patience; as it was, he laid down a greasy pocket-book on the cotton bales, and began studying over certain papers in it, the young man standing by looking down on him with an air of careless

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm round her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know, and I want to

make him happy."

Here the trader handed up a certificate, signed by Mr. Shelby, which the young man took with the tips of his long fingers, and

glanced over carelessly.

"Now," said the young man, stooping gravely over his book of bills, "if you can assure me that I really can buy this kind of pious, and that it will be set down to my account in the book up above, as something belonging to me, I wouldn't care if I did go a little extra for it. There, count your money, old boy I" he added, as he handed a roll of bills to the trader.

"All right," said Haley, his face beaming with delight; and pulling out an old inkhorn, he proceeded to fill out a bill of sale

which he handed to the young man.

"Come, Eva," he said; and taking the hand of his daughter, he stepped across the boat, and carelessly putting the tip of his finger under Tom's chin, said good-humouredly, "Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master."

Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face, without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily, "God bless you,

mas'r!"

"Well, I hope He will. What's your name? Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been allays used to horses," said Tom. "Mas'r Shelby

raised heaps on 'em."

"Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week."

Tom looked rather hurt, and said, "I never drink, mas'r."

"I've heard that story before, Tom; but then we'll see. Never mind, my boy," he added good-humouredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do well."
"I sartin do, mas'r," said Tom.

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is very

good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them."

CHAPTER XIV.

AUGUSTINE ST. CLARE.

A UGUSTINE ST. CLARE was the son of a wealthy planter of Louisiana. The family had its origin in Canada. Of two brothers very similar in temperament and character, one had settled on a flourishing farm in Vermont, and the other became an opulent planter in Louisiana. The mother of Augustine was a Huguenot French lady, whose family had emigrated to Louisiana during the days of its early settlement. Augustine and another brother were the only children of their parents. Having inherited from his mother an exceeding delicacy of constitution, he was, at the instance of physicians, during many years of his boyhood, sent to the care of his uncle in Vermont, in order that his constitution might be strengthened by the cold of a more bracing climate.

In childhood, he was remarkable for an extreme and marked sensitiveness of character, more akin to the softness of woman than the ordinary hardness of his own sex. Time, however, overgrew this softness with the rough bark of manhood, and but few knew how living and fresh it still lay at the core. His talents were of the very first order, although his mind showed a preference always for the ideal and the æsthetic, and there was about him that repugnance to the actual business of life which is the common result of this balance Soon after the completion of his college course, his of the faculties. whole nature was kindled into one intense and passionate effervescence of romantic passion. His hour came—the hour that comes only once; his star rose in the horizon-that star that rises so often in vain, to be remembered only as a thing of dreams; and it rose for him in vain. To drop the figure—he saw and won the love of a high-minded and beautiful woman, in one of the Northern states, and they were affianced. He returned South to make arrangements for their marriage, when, most unexpectedly, his letters were returned to him by mail, with a short note from her guardian, stating to him that ere this reached him the lady would be the wife of another. Stung to madness, ne vainly hoped, as many another has done, to fling the whole thing from his heart by one desperate Too proud to supplicate or seek explanation, he threw himself at once into a whirl of fashionable society, and in a fortnight from the time of the fatal letter was the accepted lover of the reigning belle of the season; and as soon as could be, he became the husband of a fine figure, a pair of bright dark eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and, of course, everybody thought him a happy

The married couple were enjoying their honeymoon, and entertaining a brilliant circle of friends in their splendid villa, near Lake Pontchartrain, when, one day a letter was brought to him in that

well-remembered writing. It was handed to him while he was in full tide of gay and successful conversation, in a whole roomful of company. He turned deadly pale when he saw the writing, but still preserved his composure, and finished the playful warfare of badinage which he was at the moment carrying on with a lady opposite; and a short time after, was missed from the circle. In his room, alone, he opened and read the letter, now worse than idle and useless to be read. It was from her, giving a long account of a prosecution to which she had been exposed by her guardian's family, to lead her to unite herself with their son: and she related how, for a long time, his letters had ceased to arrive; how she had written time and again, till she became weary and doubtful; how her health had failed under her anxieties, and how, at last, she had discovered the whole fraud which had been practised on them both. The letter ended with expressions of hope and thankfulness, and professions of undying affection, which were more bitter than death to the unhappy young man. He wrote to her immediately :—
"I have received yours—but too late. I believed all I heard.

I was desperate. I am married, and all is over. Only forget-it

is all that remains for either of us.

And thus ended the whole romance and ideal of life for Augustine St. Clare. But the real remained—the real, like the flat, bare, oozy tide-mud, when the blue, sparkling wave, with all its company of gliding boats and white-winged ships, its music of oars and chiming waters, has gore down, and there it lies, flat, slimy, bare-exceedingly

Of course, in a novel, people's hearts break, and they die, and that is the end of it; and in a story this is very convenient. But in real life we do not die when all that makes life bright dies to us. There is a most busy and important round of eating, drinking, dressing, walking, visiting, buying, selling, talking, reading, and all that makes up what is commonly called living, yet to be gone through; and this yet remained to Augustine. Had his wife been a whole woman, she might yet have done something—as woman can—to mend the broken threads of life, and weave again into a tissue of brightness. But Marie St. Clare could not even see that they had been broken. She consisted of a fine figure, a pair of splendid eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and none of these items were

precisely the ones to minister to a mind diseased.

When Augustine, pale as death, was found lying on the sofa, and pleaded sudden sick-headache as the cause of his distress, she recommended to him a smell of hartshorn; and when the paleness and headache came on week after week, she only said that she never thought Mr. St. Clare was sickly; but it seems he was very liable to sick-headaches, and that it was a very unfortunate thing for her, because he didn't enjoy going into company with her, and it seemed odd to go so much alone, when they were just married. Augustine was glad in his heart that he had married so undiscerning a woman; but as the glosses and civilities of the honeymoon wore away, he discovered that a beautiful young woman, who has lived all her life to be caressed and waited on, might prove quite a hard mistress in domestic life. Marie never had possessed much capability of affection, or much sensibility, and the little that she had, had been

merged into a most intense and unconscious selfishness; a selfishness the more hopeless, from its quiet obtuseness, its utter ignorance of any claims but her own. From her infancy, she had been surrounded with servants, who lived only to study her caprices; the idea that they had either feelings or rights had never dawned upon her, even in distant perspective. Her father, whose only child she had been, had never denied her anything that lay within the compass of human possibility; and when she entered life, beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had, of course, all the eligibles and non-eligibles of the other sex sighing at her feet, and she had no doubt that Augustine was a most fortunate man in having obtained her. It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scruppiously she exacts love, to the uttermost farthing. When, therefore, St. Clare began to drop off those gallantries and small ettentions which flowed at first through the habitude of courtship, he found his sultana no way ready to resign her slave; there were abundance of tears, poutings, and small tempests; there were discontents, pinings, upbraidings. St Clare was good-natured and self-indulgent, and sought to buy off with presents and flatteries; and when Marie became mother to a beautiful daughter, he really felt awakened, for a time, to something like tenderness.

St. Clare's mother had been a woman of uncommon elevation and purity of character, and he gave to this child his mother's name, fondly fancying that she would prove a reproduction of her image, The thing had been remarked with petulant jealousy by his wife and she regarded her husband's absorbing devotion to the child, with suspicion and dislike; all that was given to her seemed so much taken from herself. From the time of the birth of this child, her health gradually sunk. A life of constant inaction, bodily and mental—the friction of ceaseless ennui and discontent, united to the ordinary weakness which attended the period of maternity—in course of a few years changed the blooming young belle into a yellow, faded, sickly woman, whose time was divided among a variety of diseases, and who considered herself the most ill-used

and suffering person in existence.

There was no end to her various complaints; but her principal forte appeared to lie in sick-headache, which sometimes would confine her to her room three days out of six. As, of course, all family arrangements fell into the hands of servants, St. Clare found his menage anything but comfortable. His only daughter was exceedingly delicate, and he feared that, with no one to look after her and attend to her, her health and life might yet fall a sacrifice to her mother's inefficiency. He had taken her with him on a tour to Vermont, and had persuaded his cousin, Miss Ophelia St. Clare, to return with him to his Southern residence; and they are now returning on this boat to New Orleans, whose distant domes and spires now rise to our view.

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at

the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognised her native city.
"Yes, yes, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But mercy on

us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing-waiters running twenty ways at once-men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxeswomen anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready?" said St.

Clare, as he came up, with his usually careless motion.

"I've been ready, waiting, nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia;

"I began to be really concerned about you."

"Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here," he added to a driver who stood behind him, " take these things."

"Where's Tom?" said Eva, when they were in the carriage.

"Oh, he's on the outside, pussy. I'm going to take Tom up to mother, for a peace-offering, to make up for that fellow that upset the carriage."

"Oh, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know," said Eva.

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashiona square building enclosing a courtyard, into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality. Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this, again, was surrounded by turf, smooth as green velvet; while a carriage-drive enclosed the whole. Two large orange-trees, now fragrant with blossoms, threw a delicious shade; and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the Tropics. Huge pomegranate-trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-coloured flowers; dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars; geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbenum, all united their bloom and fragrance; while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some hoary old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it.

The galleries that surrounded the court were festooned with a curtain of some kind of Moorish stuff, and could be drawn down at

pleasure, to exclude the beams of the sun.

As the carriage drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from a cage, with the wild eagerness of her delight.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful, lovely! my own dear, darling home!"

she said to Miss Ophelia. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"'Tis a pretty place," said Miss Ophelia, as she alighted; "though

it looks rather old and heathenish to me.'

Tom got down from the carriage, and looked about with an air of calm, still enjoyment. The negro, it must be remembered, is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has, deep in his heart, a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on him the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race.

St. Clare, who was in his heart a poetical voluptuary, smiled as Miss Ophelia made her remark on his premises, and, turning to Tom, who was standing looking round, his beaming black face perfectly radiant with admiration, he said-

"Tom, my boy, this seems to suit you."

"Yes, mas'r, it looks about the right thing," said Tom.

All this passed in a moment, while trunks were being hustled off, hackman paid, and while a crowd, of all ages and sizes-men, women, and children-came running through the galleries, both above and below, to see mas'r come in. Foremost among them was a highly-dressed young mulatto man, evidently a very distingue personage, attired in the ultra extreme of the mode, and gracefully waving a scented cambric handkerchief.

This person had been exerting himself, with great alacrity, in

driving all the domestics to the other end of the verandah.

"Back I all of you. I am ashamed of you," he said in a tone of authority. "Would you intrude on master's domestic relations, in the first hour of his return?"

All looked abashed at this elegant speech, delivered with quite an air, and stood huddled together at a respectful distance, except two stout porters, who came up and began conveying away the

Owing to Mr. Adolph's systematic arrangements, when St. Clare turned round from paying the hackman, there was nobody in view but Mr. Adolph himself, conspicuous in satin vest, gold guard-chain,

and white pants, and bowing with inexpressible grace and suavity.

"Ah, Adolph, is it you?" said his master, offering his hand to him; "how are you, boy?" while Adolph poured forth, with great fluency, an extemporary speech which he had been preparing, with

great care, for a fortnight before.

"Well, well," said St. Clare, passing on with his usual air of negligent drollery, "that's very well got up, Adolph. See that the baggage is well bestowed. I'll come to the people in a minute;" and, so saying, he led Miss Ophelia to a large parlour that opened on

While this had been passing, Eva had flown like a bird, through the porch and parlour, to a little boudoir opening likewise on the

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman half rose from a couch on which -she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of a rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That'll do-take care, child-don't, you make my head ache,"

said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy, at the door.

Oh, there's Mammy !" said Eva, as she flew across the room;

and, throwing herself into her arms, she kissed her repeatedly.

This woman did not tell her that she made her head ache, but, on the contrary, she hugged her, and laughed, and cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that fairly supset Miss Ophelia.

"Well !" said Miss Ophelia, "you Southern children can do

something that I couldn't."

"What, now, pray?" said St. Clare.

"Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I wouldn't have anything hurt; but as to kissing-

"Niggers," said St. Clare, "that you're not up to-hey?"

St. Clare laughed, as he went into the passage. "Halloa, here, what's to pay out here? Here, you all-Mammy, Jimmy, Polly, Sukey-glad to see mas'r?" he said, as he went shaking hands from one to another. "Look out for the babies!" he added, as he stumbled over a sooty little urchin, who was crawling upon all tours. "If I step upon anybody, let 'em mention it."

There was an abundance of laughing and blessing mas'r, as St.

Clare distributed small pieces of change among them.

"Come, now, take yourselves off, like good boys and girls," he said; and the whole assemblage, dark and light, disappeared through a door into a large verandah, followed by Eva, who carried a large satchel, which she had been filling with apples, nuts, candy, ribbons, laces, and toys of every description, during the whole homeward journey.

As St. Clare turned to go back, his eye fell upon Tom, who was standing uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other, while Adolph stood negligently leaning against the banisters, examining Tom through an opera-glass, with an air that would have done credit to

any dandy living.

"Puh! you puppy," said his master, striking down the opera-glass; "is that the way you treat your company? Seems to me, Dolph," he added, laying his finger on the elegant figured satin vest that Adolph was sporting-" seems to me that's my vest."

"Oh! master, this vest all stained with wine; of course, a gentleman in master's standing never wears a vest like this.

understood I was to take it. It does for a poor nigger-fellow." "So, that's it, is it?" said St. Clare carelessly. "Well, here, I'm going to show this Tom to his mistress, and then you take him to the kitchen; and mind you don't put on any of your airs to him. He's worth two such puppies as you.

"Here, Tom," said St. Clare, beckoning.

Tom entered the room. He looked wistfully on the velvet carpets, and the before unimagined splendours of mirrors, pictures, statues, and curtains, and, like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, there was no more spirit in him. He looked afraid even to set his feet down.

"See here, Marie," said St. Clare to his wife, "I've brought you a coachman, at last, to order. I tell you, he's a regular hearse for blackness and sobriety, and will drive you like a funeral, if you want. Open your eyes now, and look at him. Now, don't say I

never think about you when I'm gone."

Marie opened her eyes, and fixed them on Tom, without rising.

"I know he'll get drunk," she said.

"No, he's warranted a pious and sober article."

"Well, I hope he may turn out well," said the lady; "it's more than I expect, though."

"Dolph," said St. Clare, "show Tom down-stairs; and mind

yourself," he added; "remember what I told you."

Adolph tripped gracefully forward, and Tom, with lumbering tread went after.

"He's a perfect behemoth!" said Marie.

"Come, now, Marie," said St. Clare, seating himself on a stool beside her sofa, " be gracious, and say something pretty to a fellow."

"You've been gone a fortnight beyond the time," said the lady, pouting.

"Well, you know I wrote you the reason." "Such a short, cold letter !" said the lady.

"Dear me! the mail was just going, and it had to be that or nothing."

"That's just the way always," said the lady; "always something

to make your journeys long, and letters short."

"See here, now," he added, drawing an elegant velvet case out of his pocket, and opening it, "here's a present I got for you in

It was a daguerreotype, clear and soft as an engraving, representing Eva and her father sitting hand in hand.

Marie looked at it with a dissatisfied air.

"What made you sit in such an awkward position?"

"Well, the position may be a matter of opinion; but what do you think of the likeness?"

"If you don't think anything of my opinion in one case, I suppose you wouldn't in another," said the lady, shutting the daguerreotype, It is very inconsiderate of you, St. Clare, to insist on my talking and looking at things. You know I've been lying all day with the sick-headache; and there's been such a tumult made ever since

"You're subject to the sick-headache, ma'am?" said Miss Ophelia suddenly rising from the depths of the large arm-chair, where she had sat quietly, taking an inventory of the furniture, and calculating

"Yes, I'm a perfect martyr to it," said the lady.

CHAPTER XV.

TOM'S NEW HOME.

A GAY laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain, laughed too.

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to the railing.

There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat, every one of his button-holes stack full of Cape jessamines, and Eva, gaily laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck: and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip-sparrow, still laughing.

"Oh, Tom, you look so funny!"

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

"How can you let her?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

"Why, I don't know, it seems so dreadful!"

"You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black; but a creature that can think and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you Northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do—obliterate the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed, in my travels North, how much stronger this was with you than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. You would not have them abused; but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You would send them to Africa, out of your sight and smell, and then send a missionary or two to do up all the selt-denial of elevating them. Isn't that it?"

"Well, cousin," said Miss Ophelia thoughtfully, ' there may be

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?" said St. Clare, leaning on the railing, and watching Eva, as she tripped oft, leading Tom with her. "Your little child is your only true democrat. Tom, now, is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs and Methodist hymns are better than an opera, and the traps and little bits of trash in his pocket a mine of jewels, and he the most wonderful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the roses of Eden that the Lord has dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few of any other kind."

"It's strange, cousin," said Miss Ophelia; "one might almost

think you were a professor, to hear you talk.

"Not at all; not a professor, as your townsfolks have it, and. what is worse, I'm afraid, not a practiser either."

"What makes you talk so, then?"

"Nothing is easier than talking," said St. Clare. "I believe Shakespeare makes somebody say, 'I could sooner show twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own showing.' Nothing like division of labour. My forte lies in tarking, and yours, cousin, lies in doing."

In Tom's external situation, at this time, there was, as the world says, nothing to complain of. Little Eva's fancy for him—the instinctive gratitude and loveliness of a noble nature—had led her to petition her father that he might be her especial attendant, whenever she needed the escort of a servant, in her walks or rides; and Tom had general orders to let everything else go, and attend to Miss Eva whenever she wanted him-orders which our readers may fancy were far from disagreeable to him. He was kept well dressed, for St. Clare was fastidiously particular on this point. His stable services were merely a sinceure, and consisted simply in a daily care and inspection, and directing an under-servant in his duties; for Marie St. Clare declared that she could not have any smell of the horses about her when he came near her, and that he must positively not be put to any service that would make him unpleasant to her, as her nervous system was entirely inadequate to any trial of that nature; one snuff of anything disagreeable being, according to her account, quite sufficient to close the scene, and put an end to all her earthly trials at once. Tom, therefore, in his well brushed broadcloth suit, smooth beaver, gloossy boots, faultless wristbands and collar, with his grave, good-natured, black face, looked respectable enough to be a Bishop of Carthage.

Then, too, he was in a beautiful place, a consideration to which his sensitive race are never indifferent; and he did enjoy, with a quiet joy, the birds, the flowers, the fountains, the perfume, and light and beauty of the court, the silken hangings, and pictures, and lustres, and statuettes, and gilding, that made the parlours within a kind of Aladdin's palace to him. In his own simple musings, often compared his more fortunate lot, in the bondage into which he was cast, with that of Joseph in Egypt; and, in fact, as time went on, and he developed more and more, under the eye

of his master, the strength of the parallel increased.

St. Clare was indolent and careless of money. Hitherto the providing and marketing had been principally done by Adolph, who was, to the full, as careless and extravagant as his master; and, between them both, they had carried on the dispersing process with great alacrity. Accustomed, for many years to regard his master's property as his own care, Tom saw, with an uneasiness he could scarcely repress, the wasteful expenditure of the establishment; and, in the quiet, indirect way which his class often acquire, would sometimes make his own suggestions.

St. Clare at first employed him occasionally; but, struck with his soundness of mind and good business capacity, he confided in him more and more, till gradually all the marketing and providing for

the family were entrusted to him.

"No, no, Adolph," he said, one day, as Adolph was deprecating the passing of power out of his hands; "let Tom alone. You only understand what you want; Tom understands cost and come to; and there may be some end to money, by and by, if we don't let

somebody do that."

Trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it, and pocketed the change without counting it, Tom had every facility and temptation to dishonesty; and nothing but an impregnable simplicity of nature, strengthened by Christian faith, could have kept him from it. But, to that nature, the very unbounded trust reposed in him was bond and seal

for the most scrupulous accuracy.

With Adolph the case had been different. Thoughtless and self-indulgent, and unrestrained by a master who found it easier to indulge than to regulate, he had fallen into an absolute confusion as to meum and tuum with regard to himself and his master, which sometimes troubled even St. Clare. His own good sense taught him that such a training of his servants was unjust and dangerous. A sort of chronic remorse went with him everywhere, although not strong enough to make any decided change in his course; and this very remorse reacted again into indulgence. He passed lightly over the most serious faults, because he told himself that, if he had

done his part, his dependents had not fallen into them.

Tom regarded his gay, airy, handsome young master with an odd mixture of fealty, reverence, and fatherly solicitude. That he never read the Bible; never went to church; that he jested and made free with any and every thing that came in the way of his wit; that he spent his Sunday evenings at the opera or theatre; that he went to wine parties, and clubs, and suppers, oftener than was at all expedient—were all things that Tom could see as plainly as anybody, and on which he based a conviction that "Mas'r wasn't a Christian;"—a conviction, however, which he would have been very slow to express to any one else, but on which he founded many prayers, in his own simple fashion, when he was by himself in his little dormitory. Not that Tom had not his own way of speaking his mind occasionally, with something of the tact often observable in his class.

One day St. Clare was invited out to a convivial party of choice spirits, and was helped home, between one and two o'clock at night, in a condition when the physical had decidedly attained the upper hand of the intellectual. Tom and Adolph assisted to get him composed for the night, the latter laughing heartily at the rusticity of Tom's horror, who really was simple enough to lie awake most

of the rest of the night, praying for his young master.

"Well, Tom, what are you waiting for? said St. Clare, the next day, as he sat in his library, in dressing-gown and slippers, St. Clare had just been entrusting Tom with some money, and various commissions. "Isn't all right there, Tom?" he added, as Tom still stood waiting.

"I'm 'fraid not mas'r," said Tom, with a grave face.

St. Clare laid down his paper, and set down his coffee-cup and looked at Tom.

"Why, Tom, what's the case? Why look so solemn?"

"I feel very bad, mas'r. I allays have thought that mas'r would be good to everybody."

"Well, Tom, haven't I been? Come, now, what do you want?

There's something you haven't got, I suppose."
"Mas'r allays been good to me. I haven't nothing to complain of, but there is one that mas'r isn't good to."

"Why, Tom, what's got into you? What do you mean?"

"Last night, between one and two, I thought so. I studied upon the matter then. Mas'r isn't good to himself."

Tom said this with his back to his master, and his hand on the

door-knob. St. Clare felt his face flush, but he laughed.

"Oh, that all, is it?" he said gaily.

"All!" said Tom, turning suddenly round and falling on his "Oh, my dear mas'r! I'm 'fraid it will be loss of allall-body and soul. The good Book says, 'it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!' my dear mas'r!"

Tom's voice choked, and the tears ran down his checks.

"You poor silly fool!" said St. Clare, with tears in his own eyes.

"Get up, Tom. I'm not worth crying over."

But Tom wouldn't rise, and looked imploring. "Well, I won't go to any more of their cursed nonsense, Tom," said St. Clare; "on my honour, I won't. I don't know why I haven't stopped long ago. I've always despised it, and myself for it—so now, Tom, wipe up your eyes, and go about your errands. Come, come, no blessings. I'm not so wonderfully good, now," as he gently pushed Tom to the door. "There, I'll pledge my honour to you, Tom, you don't see me so again," and Tom went off, wiping his eyes, with great satisfaction.

I'll keep my faith with him, too," said St. Clare, as he closed the door, and he did so-for gross sensualism, in any form, was not

the peculiar temptation of his nature.

If our readers will now accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may, perhaps, learn a little of Tom's private affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small stand where lay Tom's Bible and hymn-book: and where he sits, at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems

to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

The fact was that Tom's home-yearnings had become so strong that he had begged a sheet of writing-paper of Eva, and, mustering up all his small stock of literary attainments acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, he conceived the bold idea of writing a letter; and he was busy now, on his slate, getting out his first draft. Tom was in a good deal of trouble, for the forms of some of the letters he had forgotten entirely; and of what he did remember, he did not know exactly which to use. And while he was working, and breathing very hard, in his earnestness, Eva alighted, like a bird,

on the round of his chair behind him, and peeped over his shoulder. "Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you are making!"

I'm trying to write to my poor old woman, and my little chil'en," 'aid Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes; "but, I'm feared I shan't make it out."

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I've learned to write and could

make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

So Eva put her little golden head close to his, and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion, each one equally earnest, and about equally ignorant; and, with a deal of consulting and advising over every word, the composition began, as they both felt, to look quite like writing.

"Yes, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delightedly on it. "How pleased your wife'll be, and the poor little children! Oh, it's a shame you ever had to go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time."

"Missus said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together," said Tom. "I'm spectin' she will. Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me; and he gave me this yer dollar as a sign," and Tom drew from under his clothes the precious dollar.

"Oh, he'll certainly come, then!" said Eva.

"And I wanted to send a letter, you know, to let 'em know whar I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off—'cause she felt so dre'ful, poor soul!"

" I say, Tom I" said St. Clare's voice, coming in the door at this

moment.

Tom and Eva both started.

"What's here?" said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate.

"Oh, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva;

"isn't it nice !"

"I wouldn't discourage either of you," said St. Clare; "but I rather think, Tom, you'd better get me to write your letter for you. I'll do it when I come home from my ride."

"It's very important he should write," said Eva, "because his mistress is going to send down money to redeem him, you know,

papa; he told me they told him so."

St. Clare thought in his heart that this was probably only one of those things which good-natured owners say to their servants, to alleviate their horror of being sold, without any intention of fulfilling the expectation thus excited. But he did not make any audible comment upon it—only ordered Tom to get the horses out for a ride.

Tom's letter was written in due form for him that evening, and

safely lodged in the post-office.

Some days after this Eva was missing at dinner-time and did not put in an appearance till the afternoon.

"Where has my little Eva been all this time?" said St. Clare.
"Oh, I've been up in Tom's room, hearing him sing, and Aunt

Dinah gave me my dinner."

"Hearing Tom sing, hey?"

"Oh yes! he sings such beautiful things about the New Jerusalem and bright angels, and the land of Canaan."

"I dare say; it's better than the opera, isn't it?"

"Yes; and he's going to teach them to me."
"Singing lessons, hey?—you are coming on."

"Yes, he sings for me, and I read to him in my Bible; and he explains what it means, you know."

"On my word," said Marie, laughing, "that is the latest joke of

the season.

"Tom isn't a bad hand, now, at explaining Scripture, I'll dare swear," said St. Clare. "Tom has a natural genius for religion. I wanted the horses out early, this morning, and I stole up to Tom's cubicle there, over the stables, and there I heard him holding a meeting by himself; and, in fact, I haven't heard anything quite so savoury as Tom's prayer this some time. He put in for me, with a zeal that was quite apostolic."

"Perhaps he guessed you were listening. I've heard of that trick

before."

"If he did, he wasn't very politic; for he gave the Lord his opinion of me, pretty freely. Tom seemed to think there was decidedly room for improvement in me, and seemed very earnest that I should be converted."

"I hope you'll lay it to heart," said Miss Ophelia.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FREEMAN'S DEFENCE.

HERE was a gentle bustle at the Quaker house, as the afternoon drew to a close. Rachel Halliday moved quietly to and fro collecting from her household stores such oddments as could be arranged in the smallest compass, for the wanderers who were to go forth that night. The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the round red sun stood thoughtfully on the horizon, and his beams shone yellow and calm into the little bedroom where George and his wife were sitting. He was sitting with his child on his knee, and his wife's hand in his. Both looked serious and traces of tears were or their cheeks.

"Yes, Eliza," said George, "I know all you say is true. You are a good child—a great deal better than I am; and I will try to do as you say. I'll try to act worthy of a free man. I'll try to feel like a Christian. God Almighty knows that I've meant to do welltried hard to do well-when everything has been against me; and now I'll forget all the past, and put away every hard and bitter

feeling, and read my Bible, and learn to be a good man."

"And when we get to Canada," said Eliza, "I can help you. I can do dressmaking very well, and fine washing and ironing; and

between us we can find something to live on." "Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each other and our boy. Oh! Eliza, if these people only knew what a blessing it is for a man to feel that his wife and child belong to him! I've often wondered to see men that could call their wives and children their oun fretting and worrying about anything else. Why, I feel rich and strong, though we have nothing but our bare hands. I feel as if I could scarcely ask God for any more. Yes, though I've worked hard every nay, till I am twenty-five years old, and have not a cent of money, dor a roof to cover me, nor a spot of land to call my own, yet, if they will only let me alone now, I will be satisfied and thankful."

At this moment, voices were heard in the outer apartment, in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard on the door.

Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher. Phineas was tall and lathy, red-haired, with an expression of great acuteness and shrewdness in his face. He had not the placid, quiet, unworldly air of Simeon Halliday; on the contrary, a particularly wide-awake and au fait appearance, like a man who rather prides himself on knowing what he is about, and keeping a bright look-out ahead; peculiarities which sorted rather oddly with his broad brim and formal phraseology.

Our friend Phineas has discovered something of importance to

the interests of thee and thy party George," said Simeon.
"That I have," said Phineas, "and it shows the use of a man's always sleeping with one ear open, in certain places, as I've always said. Last night I stopped at a little lone tavern back on the road. Thee remembers the place, Simeon, where we sold some apples, last year, to that fat woman, with the great ear-rings. Well, I was tired with hard driving; and, after my supper, I stretched myself down on a pile of bags in the corner, and pulled a buffalo hide over me, to wait till my bed was ready; and what do I do, but get fast asleep."

"With one ear open, Phineas?" said Simeon quietly.

"No; I slept, ears and all, for an hour or two, for I was pretty well tired; but when I came to myself a little, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking; and I thought, before I made much muster, I'd just see what they were up to, especially as I heard them say something about the Quakers. 'So,' says one. 'they are up in the Quaker settlement, no doubt,' says he. Then I listened with both ears, and I found that they were talking about this very party. So I lay and heard them lay off all their plans. This young man, they said, was to be sent back to Kentucky, to his master, who was going to make an example of him, to keep all niggers from running away; and his wife two of them were going to run down to New Orleans to sell, on their own account, and they calculated to get sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars for her; and the child, they said, was going to a trader, wno had bought him; and then there was the boy, Jim, and his mother, they were to go back to their masters in Kentucky. They said that there were two constables, in a town a little piece ahead, who would go in with 'em to get 'em taken up, and the young woman was to be taken before a judge; and one of the fellows, who is small and smooth-spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to take South. They've got a right notion of the track we are going to-night; and they'll be down after us, six or eight strong. So, now, what's to be done?"

"What shall we do, George?" said Eliza faintly to her husband who stood with clenched hands and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look, whose wife was to be sold at auction, and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a so-called Christian

nation's laws.

"I know what I shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room, and began examining his pistols.

"Ay, ay," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon; "thou

seest, Simeon, how it will work."

"I see," said Simeon, sighing; "I pray it come not to that."
"I don't want to involve any one with or for me," said George. " If you will lend me your vehicle and direct me, I will drive alone to the next stand. Jim is a giant in strength, and brave as death and despair, and so am I."

"Ah, well, friend" said Phineas, "thee'll need a driver, for all Thee's quite welcome to do all the fighting, thee knows; but

I know things about the road that thee doesn't."

"Phineas is a wise and skilful man," said Simcon. "Thee does well, George, to abide by his judgment; and," he added, laying his hand on George's shoulder, and pointing to the pistols, " be not over

hasty with these—young blood is hot."

"I will attack no man," said George. " All I ask of this country is to be let alone, and I will go out peaceably; but "-he paused and his brow darkened and his face worked-" I've had a sister sold in that New Orleans market. I know what they are sold for; and am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sell her, when God has given me a pair of strong arms to defend her? No; God help me I I'll fight to the last breath, before they shall take my wife and son. Can you blame me?"

"Mortal man cannot blame thee, George. Flesh and blood could not do otherwise," said Simeon, "but let us pray the Lord that we be not tempted."

be not tempted.

"And so I do," said Phineas; "but if we are tempted too muchwhy, let them look out, that's all."

"It's quite plain thee wasn't born a Friend," said Simeon,

"The old nature hath its way pretty strong as yet."

To tell the truth, Phineas had been a hearty, two-fisted backwoodsman, a vigorous hunter, and a dead shot at a buck; but having wooed a pretty Quakeress, had been moved by the power of her charms to join the society in his neighbourhood; and though he was an honest, sober, and efficient member, and nothing particular could be alleged against him, yet the more spiritual among them could not but discern an exceeding lack of savour in his develop-

"Well," said George, "isn't it best that we hasten our flight?" "I got up at four o'clock, and came on with all speed, full two or three hours ahead of them, if they start at the time they planned. It isn't safe to start till dark, at any rate; for there are some evil persons in the villages ahead, that might be disposed to meddle with us, if they saw our wagon, and that would delay us more than the waiting; but in two hours I think we may venture. I will go over to Michael Cross, and engage him to come benind on his swift nag, and keep a bright look-out on the road, and warn us if any company of men come on. Michael keeps a horse that can soon get ahead of most other horses; and he could shoot ahead and let us know if there were any danger. I am going now to warn Jim and the old woman to be in readiness, and to see about the horse. We have a pretty fair start, and stand a good chance to get to the stand

before they can come up with us. So, have good courage, friend George; this isn't the first ugly scrape that I've been in," said Phineas, as he closed the door.

"Phineas is pretty shrewd," said Simeon. "He will do the best that can be done for thee, George. And now, mother, hurry thy preparations for these friends, for we must not send them away

fasting."

And while Rachel and her children were busy making corn-cake, and cooking ham and chicken, and hurrying on the et ceteras of the evening meal, George and his wife sat in their little room, with their arms folded about each other, in such talk as husband and wife have when they know that a few hours may part them for ever.

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door; the night was clear starlight; and Phineas jumped briskly down from his seat to arrange his passengers. George

walked out of the door, with his child on one arm and his wife on the other. His step was firm, his face settled and resolute.

Jim was carefully assisting his old mother, who clung to his arm, and looked anxiously about as if she expected the pursuer every

" Jim, are your pistols all in order?" said George, in a low, firm

voice. "Yes, indeed," said Jim.

"And you've no doubt what you shall do, if they come?"
"I rather think I haven't," said Jim, throwing open his broad chest, and taking a deep breath. "Do you think I'll let them get

mother again?"

During this brief colloquy, Eliza had been taking her leave of her kind friend, Rachel, and was handed into the carriage by Simeon, and, creeping into the back part with her boy, sat down among the buffalo-skins. The old woman was next handed in and seated, and George and Jim placed on a rough board seat front of them and Phineas mounted in front.

"Farewell, my friends," said Simeon, from without.

"God bless you!" answered all from within.

And the wagon drove off, rattling and jolting over the road.

There was no opportunity for conversation, on account of the roughness of the way and the noise of the wheels. The vehicle, therefore, rumbled on, through long, dark stretches of woodlandover wide, dreary plains-up hills, and down valleys-and on, on, they jogged, hour after hour. The child soon fell asleep, and lay heavily in his mother's lap. The poor, frightened old woman at last forgot her fears; and even Eliza, as the night waned, found all her anxieties insufficient to keep her eyes from closing. Phineas seemed, on the whole, the briskest of the company, and beguiled his long drive with whistling certain very un-Quaker like songs, as he went on.

But about three o'clock George's ear caught the hasty and decided click of a horse's hoof coming behind them at some distance, and jogged Phineas by the elbow. Phineas pulled up his horses,

and listened. "That must be Michael," he said; "I think I know the sound of his gallop;" and he rose up and stretched his head anxiously back over the road.

A man riding in hot haste was now dimly descried at the top of a distant hill.

"There he is, I do believe!" said Phineas. George and Jim both sprang out of the wagon, before they knew what they were doing. All stood intensely silent, with their faces turned towards the expected messenger. On he came. Now he went down into a valley, where they could not see him; but they heard the sharp, hasty tramp, rising nearer and nearer; at last they saw him emerge on the top of an eminence, within hail.

"Yes, that's Michaell" said Phineas; and, raising his voice,

"Hallo, there, Michael I"

"Phineas, they're coming, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves."

And, just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping

horsemen towards them.

"In with you-quick, boys, in !" said Phineas. "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead." And, with the word, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run, the horseman keeping close beside them. The wagon rattled, jumped, almost flew, over the frozen ground; but plainer, and still plainer, came the noise of pursuing horsemen behind. The women heard it, and, looking anxiously out, saw, far in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red-streaked sky of early dawn. Another hill, and their pursuers had evidently caught sight of their wagon, whose white, cloth-covered top made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened, and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman prayed and groaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep, overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting days; and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses.

"Now for it!" said he, suddenly checking his horses, and springing from his seat to the ground. "Out with you, in a twinkling, every one, and up into these rocks with me. Michael, thee tie thy horse to the wagon, and drive ahead to Amariah's, and get him and his boys to come back and talk to these fellows."

In a twinkling they were all out of the carriage.

"There," said Phineas, catching up Harry, "you, each of you,

see to the women; and run, now, if you ever did run !"

They needed no exhortation, and the whole party were very quickly over the fence, making with all speed for the rocks, while Michael, throwing himself from his horse, and fastening the bridle to the wagon, began driving it rapidly away.

"Come ahead I" said Phineas, as they reached the rocks, and saw, in the mingled starlight and dawn, the traces of a rude but plainly marked footpath leading up among them; "this is one of our old hunting-dens. Come up!"

Phineas went before, springing up the rocks like a goat, with the boy in his arms. Jim came second, bearing his trembling old mother over his shoulder; and George and Eliza brought up the rear. party of horsemen came up to the fence, and with mingled shouts and oaths, were dismounting, to prepare to follow them. A few moments' scrambling brought them to the top of the ledge; the path then passed between a narrow defile, where only one could walk at a time, till suddenly they came to a rift or chasm more than a yard in breadth, and beyond which lay a pile of rocks, separate from the rest of the ledge, standing full thirty feet high, with its sides steep and perpendicular as those of a castle. Phineas easily leaped the chasm, and set down the boy on a smooth flat platform of crisp white moss, that covered the rock.

"Over with you!" he called; "spring, now, once, for your lives!" and one after another sprang across. Several fragments of stone formed a kind of breast-work, which hid their position from the

observation of those below.
"Well, here we all are," said Phineas, peeping over the stone breastwork to watch the assailants, who were coming tumultuously "Let'em get us, if they can. Whoever comes up under the rocks. here has to walk single file between those two rocks, in fair range of your pistols, boys, d'ye see?"

"I do see," said George; "and now, as this matter is ours, let us

take all the risk, and do all the fighting."

"Thee's quite welcome to do the fighting, George," said Phineas, chewing some checkerberry-leaves as he spoke; "but I may have the fun of looking on, I suppose. But see, these fellows are kinder debating down there, and looking up, like hens when they are going to fly up on to the roost. Hadn't thee better give 'em a word of advice, before they come up, just to tell 'em handsomely they'll be shot if they do?"

The party beneath, now more apparent in the light of the dawn, consisted of our old acquaintances, Tom Loker and Marks, with two constables, and a posse consisting of such rowdies at the last tavern as could be engaged by a little brandy to go and help the fun of

trapping a set of niggers.

At this moment, George appeared on the top of a rock above

them, and, speaking in a calm, clear voice, said-

"Gentlemen, who are you, and what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," said Tom Loker. George Harris, and Eliza Harris, and their son, and Jim Selden, and an old woman. We've got the officers here, and a warrant to take 'em; and we're going to have 'em, too. D'ye hear? An't you George Harris, that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Shelby County,

Kentucky"

"I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris, of Kentucky, did call me his property. But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil; and my wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are We have arms to defend ourselves, and we mean to do it. You can come up if you like; but the first one that comes within the range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next; and so on till the last."

"Oh, come ! come !" said a short, puffy man, stepping forward,

and blowing his nose as he did so. "Young man, this an't no kind of talk at all for you. You see, we're officers of justice. We've got the law on our side, and the power, and so forth; so you'd better give up peaceably, you see; for you'll certainly have to give up at last."

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side, and the power," said George bitterly. "You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy like a calf in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that whipped and abused her before, because he couldn't abuse her son. You want to send Jim and me back to be whipped and tortured, and ground down under the heels of them that you call masters; and your laws will bear you out in it-more shame for you and them! But you haven't got us. don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free, under God's sky, as you are; and we'll fight for our liberty till we die."

George stood out in fair sight, on the top of the rock, as he made his declaration of independence; the glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair gave fire to his dark eye; and, as if appealing from man to the justice of God,

he raised his hand to Heaven as he spoke.

The attitude, eye, voice, manner of the speaker, for a moment struck the party below to silence. There is something in boldness and determination that for a time husbes even the rudest nature. Marks was the only one who remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and, in the momentary silence that followed George's speech, he fired at him.

"Ye see, ye get jist as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky,"

he said cooly, as he wiped his pistol on his coat sleeve.

George sprang backward-Eliza uttered a shriek-the ball had passed close to his hair, had nearly grazed the cheek of his wife, and struck in the tree above.

"It's nothing, Eliza," said George quickly.

"Thee'd better keep out of sight, with thy speechifying," said

Phineas; "they're mean scamps."
"Now, Jim," said George, "look that your pistols are all right, and watch that pass with me. The first man that shows himself, I fire at; you take the second, and so on. It won't do, you know, to waste two shots on one."

"I think you must have hit some on 'em," said one of the men.

"I heard a squeal!"

"I'm going right up for one," said Tom. "I never was afraid of niggers, and I an't going to be now. Who goes arter?" he said, springing up the rocks.

George heard the words distinctly. He drew up his pistol, examined it, pointed it towards that point in the defile where the

first man would appear.

One of the most courageous of the party followed Tom, and the way being thus made, the whole party began pushing up the rock. On they came, and in a moment the burly form of Tom appeared in sight, almost at the verge of the chasm.

George fired—the shot entered his side—but, though wounded, he would not retreat, but, with a yell like that of a mad bull, he was

leaping right across the chasm into the party.

"Friend," said Phineas, suddenly stepping to the front, and meeting him with a push from his long arms, "thee isn't wanted here."

Down he fell into the chasm, crackling down among trees, bushes, logs, loose stones, till he lay, bruised and groaning, thirty feet below. The fall might have killed him, had it not been broken and moderated by his clothes catching in the branches of a large tree; but he came down with some force, however—more than was at all agreeable or convenient.

"Lord help us, they are perfect devils!" said Marks, heading the retreat down the rocks with much more of a will than he had joined the ascent, while all the party came tumbling precipitately after him.

"I say, fellers," said Marks, "you jist go round and pick up Tom there, while I run and get on to my horse to go back for help—that's you;" and without minding the hootings and jeers of his company, Marks was soon seen galloping away.

"Was ever such a sneaking varmint?" said one of the men.

"Well, we must pick up that feller," said another.

The men, led by the groans of Tom, scrambled and crackled through stumps, logs, and bushes, to where that hero lay groaning and swearing with alternate vehemence.

"Ye keep it agoing pretty loud, Tom, ye much hurt?"

"Don't know. Get me up, can't ye? Blast that Quaker! If it hadn't been for him, I'd a pitched some on 'em down here, to see how they liked it."

With much labour and groaning, the fallen hero was assisted to rise; and, with one holding him up under each shoulder, they got

him as far as the horses.

"If you could only get me a mile back to that ar tavern. Give me a handkerchief or something, to stuff into this place, and stop this infernal bleeding."

George looked over the rocks, and saw them trying to lift the burly form of Tom into the saddle. After two or three ineffectual

attempts, he reeled, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Oh, I hope he isn't killed I" said Eliza, who, with all the party, stood watching the proceeding.

"On my word, they're leaving him," said Phineas.

It was true; for after some consultation, the whole party got on their horses and rode away. When they were quite out of sight,

Phineas began to bestir himself.

"Well, we must go down and walk a piece," he said. "I told Michael to go forward and bring help, and be along back here with the wagon; but we shall have to walk a piece along the road, I reckon, to meet them. The Lord grant he be along soon! It's early in the day; there won't be much travel afoot yet awhile; we an't much more than two miles from our stopping-place. If the road hadn't been so rough last night, we could have outrun 'em entirely."

As the party neared the fence, they discovered in the distance, along the road, their own wagon coming back, accompanied by some

men on horseback.

"Well, now, there's Michael, and Stephen, and Amariah,"
exclaimed Phineas joyfully. "Now we are made—as safe as if
we'd got there"

"Well, do stop, then," said Eliza, "and do something for that poor man; he's groaning dreadfully.'

"It would be no more than Christian," said George; "let's take

him up and carry him on."

"And doctor him up among the Quakers!" said Phineas: "pretty well, that! Well, I don't care if we do. Here, let's have a look at him;" and Phineas, who, in the course of his hunting and backwoods life, had acquired some rude experience of surgery, kneeled down by the wounded man, and began a careful examination of his condition.

"Marks," said Tom feebly, "is that you, Marks?"

"No; I reckon 'tain't, friend," said Phineas. "Much Marks cares for thee, if his own skin's safe. He's off, long ago."

"I believe I'm done for," said Tom. "The sneaking dog, to leave me to die alone! My poor old mother always told me 'twould be so."

"Softly, softly; don't thee snap and snarl, friend," said Phineas Tom winced and pushed his hand away. "Thee has no chance, as Tom winced and pushed his hand away. unless I stop the bleeding." And Phineas busied himself with making some off-hand surgical arrangements with his own pockethandkerchief, and such as could be mustered in the company.

"You pushed me down there," said Tom faintly.

"Well, if I hadn't, thee would have pushed us down, thee sees," said Phineas, as he stooped to apply his bandage. "There, therelet me fix this bandage. We mean well to thee; we bear no malice. Thee shall be taken to a house where they'll nurse thee as well as thy own mother could."

Tom groaned, and shut his eyes. In men of his class vigour and resolution are entirely a physical matter, and ooze out with the flowing of the blood; and the gigantic fellow really looked piteous

in his helplessness.

The other party now came up. The seats were taken out of the wagon. The baffalo-skins, doubled in fours, were spread all along one side, and four men, with great difficulty, lifted the heavy form of Tom into it. Before he was gotten in, he fainted entirely. The old negress, in the abundance of her compassion, sat down on the bottom, and took his head in her lap. Eliza, George, and Jim bestowed themselves in the remaining space, and the whole party set forward.

"What do you think of him?" said George, who sat by Phineas

in front.

"Well, it's only a pretty deep flesh-wound; but, then, tumbling and scratching down that place didn't help him much. It has bled pretty freely-pretty much dreaned him out, courage and allbut he'll get over it, and maybe learn a thing or two by it."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said George. "It would always be a heavy thought to me, if I'd caused his death, even in a just cause. "Yes," said Phineas, "killing is an ugly operation, any way they'll fix it-man or beast. I've been a great hunter in my day, and I tell thee I've seen a buck that was shot down, and a dying, look that way on a feller with his eye, that it reely most made a feller feel wicked for killing on him; and human creatures is a more serious consideration."

"What shall you do with this poor fellow?" said George.

"Oh, carry him along to Amariah's. There's old Grandmam Stephens there—Dorcas they call her—she's most an amazin' nurse. She takes to nursing real natural, and an't never better suited than when she gets a sick body to tend. We may reckon on turning

him over to her for a fortnight or so."

A ride of about an hour more brought the party to a neat farm-house, where the weary travellers were received to an abundant breakfast. Tom Loker was soon carefully deposited in a much cleaner and softer bed than he had ever been in the habit of occupying. His wound was carefully dressed and bandaged, and he lay languidly opening and shutting his eyes on the white window-curtains and gently-gliding figures of his sick-room, like a weary child.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOPSY.

NE morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin; I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department—see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl,

about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlour, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which struck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said—

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line.—Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

TOPSY

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear, shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and finally, turning a somersault or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralysed with amazement. St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy

her astonishment; and, addressing her again, said,

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her: see now that you behave yourself."

"Yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her

wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?" said Miss "Your house is so full of these little plagues, now, that a body can't set down their foot without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door mat-and they are mopping and mowing and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

For you to educate-didn't I tell you? You're always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her, and

bring her up in the way she should go."

"I don't want her, I am sure; I have more to do with 'em now

than I want to."

"That's you Christians all over !—you'll get up a society, and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathen. But let me see one of you that would take one into your house with you, and take the labour of their conversion on yourselves! No; when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it's too much care, and so on."

"Augustine, you know I didn't think of it in that light," said Miss Ophelia, evidently softening, and "Well, it may be a real

missionary work," looking more favourably on the child.

St. Clare had touched the right string. Miss Ophelia's conscientiousness was ever on the alert. "But," she added, "I really didn't see the need of buying this one; there are enough now, in

your house, to take all my time and skill."

"Well, then, cousin," said St. Clare, drawing her aside, "I ought to beg your pardon for my good-for-nothing speeches. You are so good, after all, that there's no sense in them. Why, the fact is, this concern belonged to a couple of drunken creatures that keep a low restaurant that I have to pass every day, and I was tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of

her; so I bought her, and I'll give her to you. Try, now, and give her a good orthodox New England bringing up, and see what it'll make of her. You know I haven't any gift that way; but I'd like you to try."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

"She's dreadfully dirty, and half naked." she said.

"Well, take her down-stairs and make some of them clean and clothe her up."

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions.

"Don't see what Mas'r St. Clare wants of 'nother nigger!" said Dinah, surveying the new arrival with no friendly air. "Won't have her round under my feet, I know ! "

"Pah!" said Rosa and Jane, with supreme disgust; "let her keep out of the way! What in the world mas'r wanted another

of these low niggers for, I can't see!"

Miss Ophelia saw that there was nobody in the camp that would undertake to oversee the cleansing and dressing of the new arrival; and so she was forced to do it herself, with some very ungracious and reluctant assistance from Jane. She had a good, strong, practical deal of resolution; and she went through it all with heroic thoroughness, though, it must be confessed, with no very gracious air-for endurance was the utmost to which her principles could bring her. When she saw, on the back and shoulders of the child, great welts and calloused spots, ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up thus far, her heart became pitiful within her.

"See there!" said Jane, pointing to the marks, "don't that show she's a limb? We'll have fine works with her, I reckon. I hate these nigger young uns! so disgusting! I wonder that

mas'r would buy her I"

The "young un" alluded to heard all these comments with the subdued and doleful air which seemed habitual to her, only scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears. When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than she did, and in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"
"Dun'no, missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are! Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child, with another grin.

"Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, and she said, with some sternnessTOPSY 87

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and

mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Suc used to take car'

The child was evidently sincere: and Jane, breaking into a short

laugh, said-

'Laws, missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dun'no, missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dun'no, missis."

"Laws, missis, those low negroes-they can't tell; they don't know anything about time," said Jane; "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?" The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"
"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added-

"I spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody ever made me."

"Do you know how to sew?" said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible. "No, missis."

"What can you do?-what did you do for your mistress?" "Fetch water, wash dishes, rub knives, and wait on folks."

"Were they good so you?"

"Spect they was," said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly. Miss Ophelia's ideas of education, like all her other ideas, were very set and definite; and of the kind that prevailed in New England a century ago, and which are still preserved in some very retired and unsophisticated parts, where there are no railroads, As nearly as could be expressed, they could be comprised in a few words: to teach them to mind when they were spoken to: to teach them the catechism, sewing, and reading; and to whip them if they told lies, therefore, applied her mind to her heathen with the best diligence she could command.

The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia's girl; and, as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber. With a self-sacrifice which some of our readers will appreciate, she resolved. instead of comfortably making her own bed, sweeping and dusting her own chamber-which she had hitherto done, in utter scorn of all offers of help from the chamber-maid of the establishment—to condemn herself to the martyrdom of instructing Topsy to perform these operations-ah, woe the day! Did any of our readers ever do the same, they will appreciate the amount of her self-sacrifice.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber,

the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction

in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woeful

earnestness.

"Now look here, this is the hem of the sheet, this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong; will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster -so-and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smoothso-do you'see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot

-so—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see you do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling

off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. "What's this? You naughty, wicked child—you've been stealing this I"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet was she not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of

the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! why, that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, don't you tell me a lie-you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I'didn't-never seed it till-" "Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "it's wicked to tell lies."

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity: "it's jist the truth I've been a tellin' now."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so." "Laws, missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed that ar-it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes."

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Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child and shook her.

"Don't you tell me that again I"

The shake brought the gloves to the floor, from the other sleeve. "There, you!" said Miss Ophelia; "will you tell me now, you

didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time." Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to

the ribbon and gloves, with woeful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip

"Laws, missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her

neck."

"You did, you naughty child !-Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer rings—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, missis! I can't-they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up !-what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she could not. "They's burnt up-they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"'Cause I's wicked-I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this moment Eva came innocently into the room, with

the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot

to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newlyironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!" she said, in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took

those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie, just as much as the

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of wonder.

"La, there an't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her till the blood run, I would—I'd let her catch it I"

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command, which the child could assume at times; "you mustn't talk so, Rosa. I can't

bear to hear it." and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its colour.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

"Miss Eva has got the St. Clare blood in her, that's plain. She can speak, for all the world, just like her papa," she said as she passed out of the room.

Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbour. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice I

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of, now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine,

than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye; but it was followed by the short laugh and habitual grin. No! the ear that has never heard anything but abuse is strangely incredulous of anything so heavenly as kindness; and Topsy only thought Eva's speech something funny and inexplicable—she did not believe it.

But what was to be done with Topsy? Miss Ophelia found the case a puzzler; her rules for bringing up didn't seem to apply. "I don't see," she said to St. Clare, "how I'm going to manage that

child without whipping her."

"Well, whip her, then, to your heart's content; I'll give you full

power to do as you like."

"Children always have to be whipped," said Miss Ophelia;
"I never heard of bringing them up without."

"Oh, well, certainly," said St. Clare; "do as you think best. Only I'll make one suggestion: I've seen this child whipped with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, whichever came handiest, etc.; and, seeing that she is used to that style of operation, I think your whippings will have to be pretty energetic, to make much impression.

What is to be done with her then?" said Miss Ophelia.

"You have started a serious question," said St. Clare; "I wish you'd answer it. What is to be done with a human being that can be governed only by the lash-that fails-it's a very common state of things down here! Such children are very common among us, and such men and women, too. How are they to be governed?'

"I'm sure it's more than I can say," said Miss Ophelia.

"Or I either," said St. Clare.

"Well then, as it appears to be a duty, I shall persevere, and try, and do the best I can," said Miss Ophelia; and after this, she did labour, with a commendable degree of zeal and energy, on her new She instituted regular hours and employments for her, and undertook to teach her to read and to sew.

TOPSY

In the former art the child was quick enough. She learned her letters as if by magic, and was very soon able to read plain reading; but the sewing was a more difficult matter. The creature was as lithe as a cat, and as active as a monkey, and the confinement of sewing was her abomination; so she broke her needles, threw them slyly out of windows, or down in chinks of the walls; she tangled, broke, and dirtied her thread, or, with a sly movement, would throw a spool away altogether. Her motions were almost as quick as those of a practised conjurer, and her command of her face quite as great; and though Miss Ophelia felt that so many accidents could not happen in succession, yet she could not detect her.

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry-for tumbling, climbing, dancing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy—seemed inexhaustible. In her play-hours, she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder—not excepting Miss Eva who appeared to be fascinated by her wild diableric. Miss Ophelia was uneasy that Eva should fancy Topsy's society so much, and

implored St. Clare to forbid it.

Pooh! let the child alone," said St. Clare. "Topsy will do her

"But so deprayed a child-are you not afraid she will teach her some mischief?"

"She can't teach her mischief; she might teach it to some children/but evil rolls off Eva's mind like dew off a cabbage-leafnot a drop sinks in.y'

"Don't be too sure," said Miss Ophelia. "I know I'd never let

a child of mine play with Topsy."

"Well, your children needn't," said St. Clare, "but mine may; if Eva could have been spoiled, it would have been done years ago.

Topsy was at first despised and contemned by the upper servants. They soon found reason to alter their opinion. It was very soon discovered that whoever cast an indignity on Topsy was sure to meet with some inconvenient accident shortly after ;-either a pair of ear-rings or some cherished trinket would be missing, or an article of dress would be suddenly found utterly ruined, or the person would stumble accidentally into a pail of hot water, or a libation of dirty slop would unaccountably deluge them from above when in full gala-dress ;-and on all these occasions, when investigation was made, there was nobody found to stand sponsor for the indignity. Topsy was cited, and had up before all the domestic judicatories, time and again; but always sustained her examinations with most edifying innocence and gravity of appearance. Nobody in the world ever doubted who did the things; but not a scrap of any direct evidence could be found to establish the suppositions, and Miss Ophelia was too just to feel at liberty to proceed to any lengths without it.

Topsy was smart and energetic in all manual operations, learning everything that was taught her with surprising quickness. With a few lessons, she had learned to do the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber in a way with which even that particular lady could find no fault. Mortal hands could not lay spread smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep and dust and arrange more perfectly than Topsy, when she chose—but she didn't very often choose. If Miss Ophelia, after days of careful and patient supervision, was so sanguine as to suppose that Topsy had at last fallen into her way, could do without overlooking, and so go off and busy herself about something else, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases, butting her woolly head among the pillows, till it would sometimes be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in various directions; she would climb the posts, and hang head downward from the tops; flourish the sheets and spreads all over the apartment; dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's night-clothes, and enact various scenic performances with that—singing and whistling, and making grimaces at herself in the looking-glass.

St Clare took the same kind of amusement in the child that a man might in the tricks of a parrot. Topsy always took refuge behind his chair, and he in one way or other, would make peace for her. From him she got many a stray picayune, which she laid out in nuts and candies, and distributed, with careless generosity, to all the children in the family; for Topsy was good-natured and

liberal, and only spiteful in self-defence.

CHAPTER XVIII:

THE FLOWER FADETH.

Life passes, with us all, a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom, till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, he was never positively miserable; for, so well is the harp of human feeling strung, that nothing but a crash that breaks every string can wholly mar its harmony; and, on looking back to seasons which appeared to us as those of deprivation and trial, we can remember that each hour, as it glideth, brought its diversions and alleviations, so that, though not wholly happy, we were not, either, wholly miserable.

Tom read, in his only literary cabinet, of one who had "learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of

that same book.

His letter homeward was in due time answered by Master George, in a good round, school-boy hand, that Tom said might be read "'most across the room." It contained various refreshing items of home intelligence: stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which, Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption-money:

Mose and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally. came a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also the names of four new colts that had appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated, in the same connection, that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse; but Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would

show at once, stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship between Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth. It would be hard to say what place she held in the soft, impressible heart of her faithful attendant. He loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshipped her as something heavenly and divine; and to humour her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a manycoloured rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market, at morning, his eyes were always on the flower-stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out of the gate for his distant approach and her childish question-"Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices, in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader; a fine musical ear, a quick poetic fancy, and an instinctive sympathy with what is grand and noble, made her such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first, she read to please her humble friend; but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the majestic book; and Eva loved it, because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong, dim emotions, such as impassioned, imagina-

tive children love to feel.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city, to seek the shores of the lake, and its cool sea-breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East Indian cottage, surrounded by light verandahs of bamboo-work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting-room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the Tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams-a picture never for an hour the same, yet every

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where whitewinged vessels glided hither and thither, like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled and looked down at themselves as they

Tom and Eva were seated on a mossy seat, in an arbour, at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read-" And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping, and pointing to the lake,

"there 'tis."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There's a 'sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang-

"Oh, had I the wings of the morning, I'd fly away to Canaan's shore; Bright angels should convey me home, To the new Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?"

"Where do you suppose her John Where do you suppose her do you suppose her John Where do you suppose her do you they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond themfar, far off-it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright."

And Tom sung-

" I see a band of spirits bright, That taste the glories there; They all are robed in spotless white, And conquering palms they bear.'

"Uncle Tom, I've seen them," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and

Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed-

"They all are robed in spotless white, And conquering palms they bear.'

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going there," she said, "to the 'spirits bright,' Uncle Tom;

I'm going, before long."

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed, within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervid cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a call

from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva-Eva !-why, child, the dew is falling; you mustn't be out there ! "

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was skilled in the tactics of nursing. She was from New England, and knew well the first guileful footsteps of that soft, insidious disease, which sweeps away so many of the fairest and loveliest, and, before one fibre of life seems broken, seals them irrevocably for death.

She had noted the slight, dry cough, the daily brightening cheek; nor could the lustre of the eye, and the airy buoyancy born of fever,

deceive her.

She communicated her fears to St. Clare; but he threw back her suggestions with a restless petulance, unlike his usual careless good-humour.

"Don't be croaking, cousin-I hate it!" he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing? Children always lose

strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh! nonsense of that cough !- it is not anything. She has taken a little cold, perhaps. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do

well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that " the child was quite well "-that there wasn't anything in that cough—it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had. But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some recipe of strengthening mixture-"not," he said, "that the child needed it, but then it would not do her any harm."

If it must be told, the thing that struck a deeper pang to his heart than anything else was the daily increasing maturity of the child's mind and feelings. While still retaining all a child's fanciful graces, yet she often dropped, unconsciously, words of such a reach of thought, and strange, unworldly wisdom, that they seemed to be an inspiration. At such times, St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. Impulsively generous she had always been; but there was a touching and womanly thoughtfulness about her now, that every one noticed. She still loved to play with Topsy, and the other coloured children; but she now was a spectator, seldom an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time, laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy-and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her

thoughts were afar.

CHAPTER XIX.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Two days after this, Alfred St. Clare and Augustine parted and Eva, who had been stimulated, by the society of her young cousin, to exertions beyond her strength, began to fail rapidly. and St. Clare was persuaded to call in medical advice. Marie St. Clare had taken no notice of the child's gradually decaying health and strength, because she was completely absorbed in studying out two or three new forms of disease to which she believed she herself was a victim. It was the first principle of Marie's belief that nobody ever was or could be so great a sufferer as herself; and, therefore, she always repelled quite indignantly any suggestion that any one around her could be sick. She was always sure, in such a case, that it was nothing but laziness, or want of energy; and that, if they had had the suffering she had, they would soon know the difference.

Miss Ophelia had several times tried to awaken her maternal

fears about Eva; but to no avail.

"I don't see as anything ails the child," she would say; "she

runs about, and plays."

In a week or two, there was a great improvement of symptoms—one of those deceitful lulls, by which her inexorable disease so often beguiles the anxious heart, even on the verge of the grave. Eva's step was again in the garden—in the balconies; she played and laughed again—and her father, in a transport, declared that they should soon have her as hearty as anybody. Miss Ophelia and the physician alone felt no encouragement from this illusive truce. There was one other heart, too, that felt the same certainty, and that was the little heart of Eva. What is it that sometimes speaks in the soul so calmly, so clearly, that its earthly time is short? Is it the secret instinct of decaying nature, or the soul's impulsive throb, as immortality draws on? Be it what it may, it rested in the heart of Eva, a calm, sweet prophetic certainty that heaven was near; calm as the light of sunset, sweet as the bright stillness of autumn, there her little heart reposed, only troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly.

For the child, though nursed so tenderly, and though life was unfolding before her with every brightness that love and wealth

could give, had no regret for herself in dying.

In that book which she and her simple old friend had read so much together, she had seen and taken to her young heart the image of One who loved the little child; and, as she gazed and mused, He had ceased to be an image and a picture of the distant past, and come to be a living, all-surrounding reality. His love

enfolded her childish heart with more than mortal tenderness; and it was to Him, she said she was going, and to His home.

"There, you impudent dog! Now will you learn not to answer back when I speak to you? Take the horse back, and clean him

properly. I'll teach you your place!"
"Young mas'r," said Tom, "I specs what he was gwine to say was, that the horse would roll when he was bringing him up from the stable; he's so full of spirits-that's the way he got that dirt on him; I looked to his cleaning."

"You hold your tongue till you're asked to speak!" said Henrique turning on his heel, and walking up the steps to speak to Eva, who

stood in her riding-dress.

"Dear cousin, I'm sorry this stupid fellow has kept you waiting," he said. "Let's sit down here on this seat till they come. What's the matter, cousin?—you look sober."

"How could you be so cruel and wicked to Dodo?" said Eva. "Cruel-wicked!" said the boy, with unaffected surprise.

"What do you mean, dear Eva?"

"I don't want you to call me dear Eva, when you do so," said Eva.

"Dear cousin, you don't know Dodo; it's the only way to manage him, he's so full of lies and excuses. The only way is to put him down at once—not let him open his mouth; that's the way papa manages."

But Uncle Tom said it was an accident, and he never tells what

isn't true."

"He's an uncommon old nigger then I" said Henrique. "Dodo will lie as fast as he can speak.

"You frighten him into deceiving, if you treat him so."

"Why, Eva, you've really taken such a fancy to Dodo, that I shall be jealous.

"But you beat him—and he didn't deserve it."

"Oh, well, it may go for some time when he does, and don't get it. A few cuts never come amiss with Dodo-he's a regular spirit, I can tell you; but I won't beat him again before you, if it troubles you."

Eva was not satisfied, but found it vain to try to make her

handsome cousin understand her feelings. Dodo soon appeared with the horses.

"Well, Dodo, you've done pretty well this time," said his young master, with a more gracious air. "Come now, and hold Miss Eva's horse, while I put her on to the saddle."

Dodo came and stood by Eva's pony, His face was troubled;

his eyes looked as if he had been crying.

Henrique, who valued himself on his gentlemanly adroitness in all matters of gallantry, soon had his fair cousin in the saddle, and, gathering the reins, placed them in her hands.

But Eva bent to the other side of the horse, where Dodo was standing, and said, as he relinquished the reins—"That's a good boy, Dodo; thank you!"

Dodo looked up in amazement into the sweet young face; the blood rushed to his cheeks, and the tears to his eyes.

"Here, Dodo," said his master imperiously.

Dodo sprang and held the horse, while his master mounted,

"There's a picayune for you to buy candy with, Dodo," said

Henrique; "go get some."

And Henrique cantered down the walk after Eva. Dodo stood looking after the two children. One had given him money; and one had given him what he wanted far more-a kind word, kindly spoken. Dodo had been only a few months away from his mother. His master had bought him at a slave warehouse, for his handsome face, to be a match to the handsome pony; and he was now getting his breaking in.

The scene of the beating has been witnessed by the two brothers

St. Clare, from another part of the garden.

Augustine's cheek flushed; but he only observed, with his usual sarcastic carelessness," I suppose that's what we may call republican education, Alfred?"

"Henrique is a devil of a fellow, when his blood's up," said

Alfred carelessly.

"I suppose you consider this an instructive practice for him,"

said Augustine drily.

"I couldn't help it, if I didn't. Henrique is a regular little tempest—his mother and I have given him up, long ago. But, then, no amount of whipping can hurt Dodo."

"And this by way of teaching Henrique the first verse of a

republican's catechism, 'All men are born free and equal!'"

"You take the first throw," said Alfred; and the brothers were soon lost in the game, and heard no more till the scraping of

horses' feet was heard under the verandah,

"There come the children," said Augustine, rising. "Look here, Alf! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" And, in truth, it was a beautiful sight. Henrique, with his bold brow, and dark, glossy curls, and glowing cheek, was laughing gaily, as he bent towards his fair cousin, as they came on. She was dressed in a blue riding-dress with a cap of the same colour. Exercise had given a brilliant hue to her cheeks, and heightened the effect of her singularly transparent skin, and golden hair.

"What dazzling beauty!" exclaimed Alfred. "I tell you, Auguste, won't she make some hearts ache, one of these days?"

She will, too truly—God knows I'm afraid so I " said St. Clare, in a tone of sudden bitterness, as he hurried down to take her off her

"Eva, darling! you're not much tired?" he said as he clasped

her in his arms.

"No, papa," said the child; but her short, hard breathing alarmed her father.

"How could you ride so fast, dear?-you know it's bad for you."

"I felt so well, papa, and liked it so much, I forgot."

St. Clare carried her in his arms into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

"Henrique, you must be careful of Eva," said he; "you mustn't

ride fast with her."

"I'll take her under my care," said Henrique, seating himself

by the sofa, and taking Eva's hand.

Eva soon found herself much better. Her father and uncle resumed their game, and the children were left together.

"Do you know, Eva, I'm so sorry papa is only going to stay two days here, and then I shan't see you again for ever so long ! If I stayed with you, I'd try to be good, and not be cross to Dodo, and so on. I don't mean to treat Dodo ill; but, you know, I've got such a quick temper. I'm not really bad to him, though. I give him a picayune, now and then; and you see he dresses well. on the whole, Dodo's pretty well off."

"Would you think you were well off, if there were not one creature

in the world near you to love you?"

"I?-Well, of course not."

"And you have taken Dodo away from all the friends he ever had, and now he has not a creature to love him; -nobody can be good that way."

"Well, I can't help it, as I know of. I can't get his mother,

and I can't love him myself, nor anybody else, as I know of."

"Why can't you?" said Eva.

"Love Dodo! Why Eva, you wouldn't have me! him well enough; but you don't love your servants."
"I do, indeed." I may like

"How odd !"

"Don't the Bible say we must love everybody?"

"Oh, the Bible! To be sure, it says a great many such things; but then, nobody ever thinks of doing them-you know, Eva,

Eva did not speak; her eyes were fixed and thoughtful, for a few

"At any rate," she said, "dear cousin, do love poor Dodo, and be kind to him, for my sake I"

"I could love anything for your sake, dear cousin; for I really think you are the loveliest creature that I ever saw!" And Henrique spoke with an earnestness that flushed his handsome face. Eva received it with perfect simplicity, without even a change of feature; merely saying, "I'm glad you feel so, dear Henrique! I hope you will remember."

The dinner-bell put an end to the interview.

But her heart yearned with sad tenderness for all that she was to leave behind. Her father most-for Eva, though she never distinctly thought so, had an instinctive perception that she was more in his heart than any other. She loved her mother because she was so loving a creature, and all the selfishness that she had seen in her only saddened and perplexed her; for she had a child's implicit trust that her mother could not do wrong. There was something about her that Eva could never make out; she always smoothed it over with thinking that, after all, it was mamma, and

She felt, too, for those fond faithful servants, to whom she was as daylight and sunshine. Children do not usually generalise; but Eva was an uncommonly mature child, and the things that she had witnessed of the evils of the system under which they were living had fallen one by one, into the depths of her thoughtful, pondering heart. She had vague longings to do something for them to bless and save not only them, but all in their condition—longings that contrasted sadly with the feebleness of her little frame.

"Uncle Tom," she said, one day, when they were reading. "I can understand why Jesus wanted to die for us."

"Why, Miss Eva?"

"I can't tell you; but, when I saw those poor creatures on the boat, you know, when you came up and I-some had lost their mothers, and some their husbands, and some mothers cried for their little children-and a great many other times, I've felt that I would be glad to die, if my dying could stop all this misery. I would die for them, Tom, if I could," said the child earnestly, laying her little thin hand on his.

Tom looked at the child with awe; and when she, hearing her

father's voice, glided away, he wiped his eyes many times.

"It's jest no use tryin' to keep Miss Eva here," he said to Mammy, whom he met a moment after. "She's got the Lord's mark on her

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mammy, raising her hands; "I've allers said so. She wasn't never like a child that's to live-there was allers something deep in her eyes. I've told missis so, many the time; it's comin' true-we all sees it-dear, little blessed lamb!"

Eva came tripping up the verandah steps to her father. It was late afternoon, and the rays of the sun formed a kind of glory behind her, as she came forward in her white dress, with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the slow fever that burned in her veins.

St. Clare had called her to show a statuette that he had been buying for her; but her appearance, as she came on, impressed him suddenly and painfully. There is a kind of beauty, so intense, yet fragile, that we cannot bear to look at it. Her father folded her suddenly in his arms, and almost forgot what he was going to tell her.

"Eva, dear, you are better now-a-days—are you not?"
"Papa," said Eva, with sudden firmness, "I've had things I wanted to say to you, a great while. I want to say them now, before I get weaker."

St. Clare trembled as Eva seated herself in his lap. She laid her

head on his bosom, and said-

"It's all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming that I am going to leave you. I am going, and never to come back I" and Eva sobbed.

"Oh, now, my dear little Eva!" said St. Clare, trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully, "you've got nervous and lowspirited; you musn't indulge such gloomy thoughts. See here,

I've bought a statuette for you."

"No, papa," said Eva, putting it gently away, "don't deceive yourself !- I am not any better, I know it perfectly well-and I am going, before long. I am not nervous-I am not low-spirited. If it were not for you, papa, and my friends, I should be perfectly happy. I long to go i"

Why, dear child, what has made your poor little heart so sad?

You have had everything, to make you happy."

"I had rather be in heaven; though, only for my friends' sake, I would be willing to live. A great many things here make me sad, and seem dreadful to me. I had rather be there; but I don't want to leave you—it almost breaks my heart I"

"What makes you sad, and what seems dreadful, Eva?"

"Oh, things that are done, and done all the time. I feel sad for our poor people; they love me dearly, and they are all good and kind to me. I wish, papa, they were all free."

"Why, Eva, they are well enough off now?"

"Oh, but, papa, if anything should happen to you, what would become of them? There are very few men like you, papa. Uncle Alfred isn't like you, and mamma isn't; and then, think of what horrid things people do, and can do I" and Eva shuddered.

"Such things always sunk into my heart; they went down deep; I've thought and thought about them. Papa, isn't there any way

to have all slaves made free?"

"That's a difficult question, dearest. There's no doubt that this way is a very bad one; a great many people think so; I do

myself. I heartily wish there wasn't a slave in the land."

'Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind, and you always have a way of saying things that is so pleasant, couldn't you go all round and try to persuade people to do right about this? When I am gone, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake. I would do it, if I could."

"When you are gone, Eva," said St. Clare passionately.

child, don't talk to me so! You are all I have on earth.

"Papa, these poor creatures love their children as much as you Oh! do something for them! There's poor Mammy loves her children; I've seen her cry when she talked about them. Tom loves his children; and it's dreadful, papa, that such things are happening, all the time!"

"There, there, darling," said St. Clare soothingly; "only don't distress yourself, and don't talk of dying, and I will do anything

you wish."

"And promise me, dear father, that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as "-she stopped, and said, in a hesitating tone-" I am gone."

"Yes, my dear, I will do anything in the world—anything you

could ask me to.

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home; it's so sweet and peaceful there—it is all so loving there!" The child spoke unconsciously, as of a place where she had often been. Don't you want to go, papa?" she said. St. Clare drew her closer to him, but was silent.

"You will come to me," said the child, speaking in a voice of

calm certainty which she often used unconsciously.

"I shall come after you. I shall not forget you." The shadows of the solemn evening closed round them deeper and deeper, as St. Clare sat silently holding the little frail form to his bosom. He saw no more the deep eyes, but the voice came over him as a spirit voice, and, as in a sort of judgment vision, his whole past life rose in a moment before his eyes: his mother's prayers and hymns; his own early yearnings and aspirings for good; and, between them and this hour, years of worldliness and scepticism, and what man calls respectable living. We can think much, very

much, in a moment. St. Clare saw and felt many things, but spoke nothing; and, as it grew darker, he took his child to her bedroom; and, when she was prepared for rest, he sent away the attendants and rocked her in his arms, and sung to her till she was asleep.

It was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, and Eva was sitting on his knee, giving him

an account of the service she had attended.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's roomwhich, like the one in which they were sitting, opened on to the verandah-and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare.

"That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound."

And, in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.
"What's the case, now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer!
It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau, and got a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets I I never saw anything like it."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare.

Topsy came up; her round eyes glittering with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

What makes you behave so? said St. Clare, who could not help

being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She

says she has done everything she can think of."

"Yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head ag'in the door; but it didn't do me no good! I spects, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it wouldn't do no good, neither-I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't

have that trouble any longer."

Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, and Eva and Topsy disappeared into

this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare, and advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them. Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and

be good? Don't you love anybody, Topsy?"

"Don'no nothin 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or-

"No, none on 'em-never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might-

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good. If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia

would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

'Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger !-she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers

can't do nothin'! I don't care," said Topsy.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder-"I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tearslarge, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul ! She laid he head down between her knees, and wept and sobbedwhile the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture

of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.
"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do-only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy !-- you can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about.

"Oh, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eval" said the child; "I will

try, I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did-call them to us, and put our hands on them. I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favours you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer kind of fact—but so it is.

"I wish I were like Eva, she might teach me a lesson." "It wouldn't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it were so," said St. Clair.

CHAPTER XX.

EVA IS CALLED HOME.

VA'S bedroom was a spacious apartment, which, like all the other rooms in the house, opened on to the broad verandah. The room communicated, on one side, with her father and mother's apartment; on the other, with that appropriated to Miss Ophelia. St. Clare had gratified his own eye and taste, in furnishing this room in a style that had a peculiar keeping with the character of her for whom it was intended. The windows were hung with curtains of rose-coloured and white muslin; the floor was spread with a matting which had been ordered in Paris, to a pattern of his own device, having round it a border of rose-buds and leaves, and a centre-piece with full-blown roses. The bedstead, chairs, and lounges were of bamboo, wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns. Over the head of the bed was an alabaster bracket, on which a beautiful sculptured angel stood, with drooping wings, holding out a crown of myrtle-leaves. From this depended, over the bed, light curtains of rose-coloured gauze, striped with silver, supplying that protection from mosquitoes which is an indispensable addition to all sleeping accommodation in that climate. graceful bamboo lounges were amply supplied with cushions of rosecoloured damask, while over them, depending from the hands of sculptured figures, were gauze curtains similar to those of the bed. A light, fanciful bamboo table stood in the middle of the room, where a Parian vase, wrought in the shape of a white lily with its buds, stood, ever filled with flowers. On this table lay Eva's books and little trinkets, with an elegantly wrought alabaster writing-stand, which her father had supplied to her when he saw her trying to improve herself in writing. There was a fireplace in the room, and on the marble mantel above stood a beautifully wrought statuette of Jesus receiving little children, and on either side marble vases, for which it was Tom's pride to offer bouquets every morning. or three exquisite paintings of children, in various attitudes, embellished the wall. In short, the eye could turn nowhere without meeting images of childhood, of beauty and of peace. Those little eyes never opened, in the morning light, without falling on something which suggested to the heart soothing and beautiful thoughts.

The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the verandah, and oftener and oftener she was found reclining on a little lounge by the open window, her large

deep eyes fixed on the waters of the lake.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, as she was so reclining—her Bible half open, her little transparent fingers lying listlessly between the leaves—suddenly she heard her mother's voice, in sharp tones, in the verandah.

"What now, you baggage |-what new piece of mischief! You've been picking the flowers, hey?" and Eva heard the sound of a smart slap.

"They's for Miss Eva," she heard Topsy's voice say.

"Miss Eva! A pretty excuse !- you suppose she wants your flowers, Get along off with you!"

In a moment, Eva was in the verandah.

"Oh, don't, mother! I should like the flowers; do give them to me; I want them I"

"Why, Eva, your room is full now."

"I can't have too many," said Eva. "Topsy, do bring them here."

Topsy, who had stood sullenly holding down her head, now came up and offered her flowers. She did it with a look of hesitation and bashfulness, quite unlike the eldritch boldness and brightness which was usual with her.

"It's a beautiful bouquet!" said Eva, looking at it.

It was rather a singular one—a brilliant scarlet geranium, and one single white japonica, with its glossy leaves. It was tied up with an evident eye to the contrast of colour, and the arrangement of every leaf had carefully been studied.

Topsy looked pleased, as Eva said-" Topsy, you arrange flowers very prettily. Here is this vase I haven't any flowers for. I wish

you'd arrange something every day for it."

She made a short curtsy, and looked down; and, as she turned

away, Eva saw a tear roll down her dark cheek.

"Mamma," said Eva, as Marie entered her room a little later, " I want to have some of my hair cut off-a good deal of it. I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won't you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?"

Marie raised her voice, and called Miss Ophelia.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came in, and, shaking down her long golden-brown curls, said, rather playfully, "Come, aunty, shear the sheep ! "

"What's that?" said St. Clare, who just then entered with some

fruit he had been out to get for her.

"Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my hair-there's too much of it, and it makes my head hot. Besides, I want to give some of it away."

"Take care-don't spoil the looks of it!" said St. Clare as Miss Ophelia took her scissors, "cut underneath, where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride."

"Oh, papa!" said Eva sadly.

St. Clare closed his lips, and stood gloomily eying the long beautiful curls, which, as they were separated from the child's head, were laid one by one in her lap. She raised them up, looked earnestly at them, twined them around her thin fingers, and looked, from time to time, anxiously at her father.

She beckoned with her hand to her father. He came, and sat

down by her.

"Papa, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. There are some things I want to say and do-that I ought to do; and you are so unwilling to have me speak a word on this subject.

But it must come; there's no putting it off. Do be willing I should speak now!"

"My child, I am willing I" said St. Clare, covering his eyes with

one hand, and holding up Eva's hand with the other.

"Then, I want to see all our people together. I have some things I must say to them," said Eva.

"Well," said St. Clare in a tone of dry endurance.

Miss Ophelia despatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

Eva lay back on her pillows; her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion, and the thin contour of her limbs

and features, and her eyes fixed earnestly on every one.

The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. The spiritual face, the long locks of hair cut off and lying by her, her father's averted face, and Marie's sobs, struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressible race; and, as they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid

their faces in their aprons.

"I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks, you will see me no more—"

Here the child was interrupted by bursts of groans, sobs, and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and then,

speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said-

"If you love me, you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you to remember that there is a beautiful world where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you, as much as me. But, if you want to go there, you must not live idle, careless, thoughtless lives. You must become Christians, and if you want to be Christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to Him; you must read—"

The child checked herself, looked piteously at them, and said

sorrowfully—

"Oh, dear! you can't read—poor souls!" and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those

she was addressing aroused her.

"Never mind," she said, raising her face, and smiling brightly through her tears, "I have prayed for you; and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can't read. Trust your all to Jesus, who died the He might save you, and if you only trust Him, He will wash away all your sins by His precious blood. Ask Him to help you to understand His way of salvation, pray to Him for help and guidance and get the Bible read to you whenever you can. I'm quite sure then that I will meet you all again in Heaven.

"I know," said Eva, " you all love me."

"Yes; oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!" was the

involuntary answer of all.

"Yes, I know you do! There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you, and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

It is impossible to describe the scene, as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round Eva, and took from her hands what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the manner of their susceptible race.

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to

each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, " is a beautiful one for you. Oh, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven-for I'm sure I shall: and Mammy-dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse—" I know you'll be there too."

"Oh, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, no how !" said the faithful creature. "'Pears like it's just taking everything off the place to oncet ! " and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

"Where did you start up from?" she exclaimed.

"I was here," said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes.—" Oh, Miss Eva, I've been a bad girl; but won't you give me one, too?"

"Yes, poor Topsy I to be sure I will. There-every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be good."

"Oh, Miss Bva, I is tryin' I" said Topsy earnestly; "but it's so

hard to be good! 'Pears like I an't used to it, no ways!"

"Jesus knows it, Topsy; He is sorry for you; He will help you." Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia; but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.

All being gone, Miss Ophelia shut the door. That worthy lady had wiped away many tears of her own, during the scene; but concern for the consequence of such an excitement to her young charge was uppermost in her mind.

St. Clare had been sitting, during the whole time, with his hand shading his eyes, in the same attitude. When they were all gone,

he sat so still.

"Papa!" said Eva gently, laying her hand on his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver; but made no answer.

"Dear papa I" said Eva.

"I cannot," said St. Clare, rising-" I cannot have it so! The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me I" and St. Clare pronounced these words with a bitter emphasis indeed.

"Papa, you break my heart!" said Eva, rising and throwing

herself into his arms; "you must not feel so!" and the child sobbed and wept with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"There, Eva—there, dearest! Hush! hush! I was wrong; I was wicked. I will feel any way, do any way—only don't distress yourself; don't sob so. I will be resigned; I was wicked to speak as I did."

Eva soon lay like a wearied dove in her father's arms; and he, bending over her, soothed her by every tender word he could think of.

Marie rose and threw herself out of the apartment into her own,

when she fell into violent hysterics.

"You didn't give me a curl, Eva," said her father, sadly.

"They are all yours, papa," said she, smiling—"yours and mamma's; and you must give dear aunty as many as she wants. I only gave them to our poor people myself, because you know, papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone, and because I hoped it might help them remember. . . . You are a Christian, are you not, papa?" said Eva doubtfully.

"Why do you ask me?"

"I don't know. You are so good, I don't see how you can help it."

"What is being a Christian, Eva?"

"Loving Christ most of all," said Eva.

"Do you, Eva?"
"Certainly I do."

"You never saw Him," said St. Clare.

"That makes no difference," said Eva. "I believe Him, and in a few days I shall see Him;" and the young face grew fervent, radiant with joy.

St. Clare said no more. It was a feeling which he had seen before

in his mother; but no chord within vibrated to it.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room; and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse—and never did her friends appreciate her value more. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort, and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctor—she was everything to him. They who had shrugged their shoulders at her little peculiarities and setnesses, so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners, acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake—and the child felt freshest in the morning—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter,

and when he was weary, Eva would say to him-

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. It pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva I" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me-you sit up nights-and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong !"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their

way did what they could.

So bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit, by such sweet and fragrant breezes was the small bark borne towards the heavenly shores—that it was impossible to realise that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain—only a tranquil soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her. St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope—that was impossible; it was not resignation; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook; and we joy in it all the more, because we know that soon it will all pass away.

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin

to unbind, ere it leaves its clay for ever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the

outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

One evening between ten and eleven, after Miss Ophelia's arrangements had all been made for the night, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer verandah.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian

I do, Miss Feely," said Tom mysteriously. "I do, but you know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now, every

night, Miss Feely—and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."
She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia—"Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight-strange, mystic hour l-when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin-then came the

messenger |

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom ! lose not a moment," and stepping

across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.
"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over

Eva, who still slept.

What was it be saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprintonly a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing

presence of the spiritual.

In a few moments, Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and said in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia, "When did this change take place?"

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin |-Oh |-what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush I" said St. Clare hoarsely; "she is dying I"

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear-" Eva, darling !"

The large blue eyes unclosed-a smile passed over her face;-

she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms round his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and, a spasm of mortal agony passed over her face-she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and

wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what Le was doing.

Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had

always been used to look.

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said brokenly-"Oh! love-joy-peace!" gave one sigh, and rassed

from death unto life !

CHAPTER XXI.

REUNION.

TEEK after week glided away in the St. Clare mansion, and the waves of life settled back to their usual flow, where that little bark had gone down. For how imperiously, how cooly, in disregard of all one's feeling, does the hard, cold, uninteresting course of daily realities move on 1 Still must we cat, and drink and sleep, and wake again-still bargain, buy and sell; the cold mechanical habit of living remaining, after, all vital interest in it has fled.

All the interests and hopes of St. Clare's life had unconsciously wound themselves around his child. It was for Eva that he had managed his property, and had planned the disposal of his time; and to buy, improve, alter, and arrange, or dispose something for her, had been so long his habit, that now she was gone, there seemed

nothing to be thought of, and nothing to be done.

True, there was another life—a life which, once believed in, stands as a solemn, significant figure before the otherwise unmeaning ciphers of time, changing them to orders of mysterious, untold value. St. Clare knew this well; and often, in many a weary hour, he heard that slender, childish voice calling him to the skies, and saw that little hand pointing to him the way of life; but a heavy lethargy of

sorrow lay on him-he could not arise.

St. Clare had never pretended to govern himself by any religious obligation; and a certain fineness of nature gave him such an instinctive view of the extent of the requirements of Christianity, that he shrank by anticipation, from what he felt would be the exactions of his own conscience, if he once did resolve to assume them. For, so inconsistent is human nature, especially in the ideal, that not to undertake a thing at all seems better than to undertake and come short.

Still St. Clare was, in many respects, another man. He read his little Eva's Bible seriously and honestly; he thought more soberly and practically of his relations to his servants—enough to make him extremely dissatisfied with both his past and present course; and one thing he did, soon after his return to New Orleans, and that was to commence the legal steps necessary to Tom's emancipation, which was to be perfected as soon as he could get through the necessary formalities. Meantime, he attached himself to Tom more and more every day.

"Well, Tom," said St. Clare, the day after he had commenced the legal formalities for his enfranchisement, "I'm going to make a free man of you; so, have your trunk packed, and get ready to set

The sudden light of joy that shone in Tom's face as he raised his hands to heaven, his emphatic "Bless the Lord!" rather discomposed St. Clare; he did not like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You haven't had such very bad times here, that you need be

in such a rapture, Tom," he said dryly.

"No, no, mas'r! 't an't that-it's bein' a free man! That's

what I'm joyin' for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think, for your own part, you've been better off than to be free?"

" No, indeed, Mas'r St. Clare," said Tom, with a flash of energy.

"No, indeed I"

"Why, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned, by your work,

such clothes and such living as I have given you."

"Knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare; mas'r's been too good; but, mas'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em mine, than have the best, and have 'em any man's else-I had so, mas'r; I think it's natur', mas'r."

"I suppose so; Tom, and you'll be going off and leaving me, in a month or so," he added, rather discontentedly. "Though why you shouldn't, no mortal knows," he said, in a gayer tone; and, getting

up, he began to walk the floor.

"Not while mas'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with mas'r

as long as he wants me-so as I can be any use."

"Not while I'm in trouble, Tom?" said St. Clare, sadly. "And when will my trouble be over?"

"When Mas'r St. Clare's a Christian," said Tom.

"And you really mean to stay by till that day comes?" said St. Clare, half smiling, as he turned and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Ah, Tom, I won't keep you till that day. Go home to your wife and children, and give my love to them all."

One day St. Clare was disposed on the lounge, and Miss Ophelia was seated busily occupied with knitting. The subject of conversation had drifted from subject to subject, until now Topsy was the object under discussion.

"I really think you are going to make something of that concern,"

said St. Clare.

"The child has improved greatly," said Miss Ophelia, "I have great hopes of her; but, Augustine," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "one thing I want to ask: whose is this child to be?yours or mine?"

"Why, I gave her to you," said Augustine.

"But not legally; I want her to be mine legally."

"Whew I cousin," said Augustine. "What will the Abolition Society think? They'll have a day of fasting appointed for this

backsliding, if you become a slave-holder ! "

"Oh, nonsense! I want her mine, that I may have a right to take her to the free States, and give her her liberty, that all I am trying to do be not undone. There is no use in my trying to make this child a Christian child, unless I save her from all the chances and reverses of slavery; and, if you really are willing I should have her, I want you to give me a deed of gift, or some legal paper."

"Well, well," said St. Clare, "I will;" and he sat down, and

unfolded a newspaper to read.

"But I want it done now," said Miss Ophelia, "now is the only time there ever is to do a thing in. Come, here's paper, pen, and ink; just write a paper."

"Why, what's the matter?" said St. Clare. "Can't you take my word? One would think you had taken lessons of the Jews,

coming at a fellow so ! "

"I want to make sure of it," said Miss Ophelia. "You may die, or fail, and then Topsy be hustled off to auction, spite of all I can do."

"Really, you are quite provident. Well, seeing I'm in the hands of a Yankee, there is nothing for it but to concede;" and St. Clare rapidly wrote off a deed of gift, being well versed in the forms of law, and signed his name to it in sprawling capitals.

"There, isn't that black and white, now, Miss Vermont?" he

said, as he handed it to her.

"Good boy," said Miss Ophelia, smiling. "But must it not be

witnessed?"

"Oh, bother !- yes. Here," he said, opening the door into Marie's apartment, "Marie, cousin wants your autograph; just put your name down here."

"What's this?" said Marie, as she ran over the paper.

"Ridiculous! I thought cousin was too pious for such horrid things," she added, as she carelessly wrote her name; "but, if she has a fancy for that article, I am sure she's welcome to it."

"There, now, she's yours, body and soul," said St. Clare, handing

the paper.

- "No more mine now than she was before," said Miss Ophelia. "Nobody but God has a right to give her to me; but I can protect her now.
- "Well, she's yours by a fiction of law, then," said St. Clare, as he turned back into the parlour, and sat down to his paper.

Miss Ophelia followed him into the parlour.

"Augustine." she said, "have you ever made any provision for your servants, in case of your death?"

"No," said St. Clare, as he read on.

"Then all your indulgence to them may prove a great cruelty, by and by."

St. Clare had often thought the same thing himself; but he

answered, negligently-

"Well, I mean to make a provision, by and by."

"When?" said Miss Ophelia. "Oh, one of these days."

"What if you should die first?"

"Cousin, what's the matter?" said St. Clare, laying down his paper and looking at her.

"'In the midst of life we are in death," said Miss Ophelia.

St. Clare rose up, and, laying the paper down, carelessly, walked to the door that stood open on the verandah, to put an end to a conversation that was not agreeable to him. Mechanically, he repeated the last word again—" Death ! "-and, as he leaned against the railings, and watched the sparkling water as it rose and fell in the fountain; and, as in a dim and dizzy haze, saw flowers and trees and vases of the courts, he repeated again the mystic word so common in every mouth, yet of such fearful power—"DEATH!"
"Strange that there should be such a word," he said, "and such a thing, and we ever forget it; that one should be living, warm and beautiful, full of hopes, desires and wants, one day, and the next be gone, utterly gone, and for ever!"

It was a warm, golden evening; and, as he walked to the other end of the verandah, he saw Tom busily intent on his Bible, pointing, as he did so, with his finger to each successive word, and whispering

them to himself with an earnest air.

"Want me to read to you, Tom?" said St. Clare, seating himself carelessly by him.

" If mas'r pleases," said Tom gratefully.

St. Clare took the book and glanced at the place, and began reading one of the passages which Tom had designated by the heavy

marks around it. It ran as follows :-

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats." St. Clare read on in an animated voice, till he came to the last of the verses.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they answer unto him, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he say unto them, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

St. Clare seemed struck with this last passage, for he read it twice—the second time slowly, and as if he were revolving the words

in his mind.

"Tom," he said, "these folks that get such hard measure seem to have been doing just what I have—living good, easy, respectable lives; and not troubling themselves how many of their brethren were hungry or athirst, or sick, or in prison."

Tom did not answer.

St. Clare rose up and walked thoughtfully up and down the verandah, seeming to forget everything in his own thoughts; so absorbed was he, that Tom had to remind him twice that the teabell had rung, before he could get his attention.

St. Clare was absent and thoughtful, all tea-time. After tea he

and Marie and Miss Ophelia took possession of the parlour.

Marie disposed herself on a lounge, under a silken mosquito curtain, and was soon sound asleep. Miss Ophelia silently busied herself with her knitting. St. Clare sat down to the piano, and began playing a soft and melancholy movement with the Æolian accompaniment. He seemed in a deep reverie, and to be soliloquising to himself by music. After a little, he opened one of the drawers, took out an old music book whose leaves were yellow with age, and began turning it over.

"There," he said to Miss Ophelia, "this was one of my mother's books-and here is her handwriting-come and look at it. She copied and arranged this from Mozart's Requiem." Miss Ophelia came accordingly.

"It was something she used to sing often," said St. Clare. "I

think I can hear her now."

He struck a few majestic chords, and began singing that grand old

Latin piece, the "Dies Iræ."

St. Clare threw a deep and pathetic expression into the words; for the shadowy veil of years seemed drawn away, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice leading his. Voice and instrument threw out with vivid sympathy those strains which Mozart first conceived as his own dying requiem.

When St. Clare had done singing, he sat leaning his head upon his hand a few moments, and then began walking up and down the

floor.

"What a sublime conception is that of a last judgment!" said he-" a righting of all the wrongs of ages !- a solving of all moral

problems, by an unanswerable wisdom!"

"I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much to-night. I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she were near me. I keep thinking of things she used to say. Strange, what brings these past things so vividly back to us !"

St. Clare walked up and down the room in silence for some

minutes more, and then said-

" I believe I'll go down street, a few moments, and hear the news, to-night."

Tom followed him to the passage, out of the court, and asked if

he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I shall be back in an hour." Tom sat down in the verandah. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the tountain, and listening to its murmur. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He thought how he should work to buy his wife and boys. He felt the muscles of his brawny arms with a sort of joy, as he thought they would soon belong to himself, and how much they could do to work out the freedom of his family. After musing on such precious themes as these for a long time he dozed over and fell asleep. He was awakened by a loud knocking, and a sound of many voices at the gate.

He hastened to undo it; and, with smothered voices and heavy tread, came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak, and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face; and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair, that rang through

all the galleries.

St. Clare had turned into a cafe, to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two men, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to separate them, and received a fatal stab in the side with a bowie-knife, which he was attempting to wrest from one of them.

The house was full of cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams; servants frantically tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the

ground, or running distractedly about, lamenting. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any presence of mind; for Marie was in strong hysteric convulsions. At Miss Ophelia's direction, one of the lounges in the parlour was hastily prepared, and the bleeding form laid upon it. St. Clare had fainted through pain and loss of blood; but, as Miss Ophelia applied restoratives, he revived.

The physician soon arrived, and made his examination. evident, from the expression of his face, that there was no hope; but he applied himself to dressing the wound, and he and Miss Ophelia and Tom proceeded composedly with this work, amid the lamentations and sobs and cries of the affrighted servants, who had

clustered about the doors and windows of the verandah.

"Now," said the physician, "we must turn all these creatures out; all depends on his being kept quiet."

St. Clare opened his eyes, and looked fixedly on the distressed beings wnom Miss Ophelia and the doctor were trying to urge from the apartment. "Poor creatures!" he said, and an expression of bitter self-reproach passed over his face. Adolph absolutely refused to go. Terror had deprived him of all presence of mind; he threw himself along on the floor, and nothing could persuade him to rise. The rest yielded to Miss Ophelia's urgent representations, that their master's safety depended on their stillness and obedience.

St Clare could say but little; he lay with his eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while, he laid his hand on Tom's who was kneeling beside him, and said,

"Tom! poor fellow!"

"What, mas'r?" said Tom earnestly.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his hand; "pray!"

And Tom did pray, with all his mind and strength, for the soul that was passing-the soul that seemed looking so steadily and mournfully from those large melancholy blue eyes. It was literally prayer offered with strong crying and tears.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reached out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him, but saying nothing. He closed his eyes, but still retained his hold; for, in the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp.

It was evident that the words he had been singing that evening were passing through his mind-words of entreaty addressed to Infinite Pity. His lips moved at intervals, as parts of the hymn fell brokenly from them.

"His mind is wandering," said the doctor.

"No! it is coming HOME, at last!" said St. Clare energetically;

"at last! at last!"

The effort of speaking exhausted him. The sinking paleness of death fell upon him; but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps.

So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted, he opened his eyes, with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said, " Mother I" and

then he was gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESOLATION.

T was about a fortnight after the funeral, that Tom was standing musing by the balconies, when he was joined by Adolph, who, since the death of his master, had been entirely crestfallen and disconsolate. Adolph knew that he had always been an object of dislike to Marie; but while has master lived he had paid but little attention to it. Now that he was gone, he had moved about in daily dread and trembling, not knowing what might befall him next. Marie had held several consultations with her lawyer; after communicating with St. Clare's brother, it was determined to sell the place, and all the servants, except her own personal property, and these she intended to take with her, and go back to her father's plantation.

"Tom, we've all got to be sold?" said Adolph.

" How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains when missis was talking with the lawyer. In a few days we shall all be sent off to auction, Tom."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms, and sighing heavily.

"We'll never get another such a master," said Adolph, "but I'd

rather be sold than take my chance under missis."

Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children, rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner shipwrecked almost in port rises the vision of the church-spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave only for one last farewell. He drew his arms tightly over his bosom, and choked back the bitter tears, and tried to pray. The poor old soul had such a singular, unaccountable prejudice in favour of liberty, that it was a hard wrench for him; and the more he said "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.

He sought Miss Ophelia, who, ever since Eva's death, had treated

him with marked and respectful kindness.
"Miss Feely," he said, "Mas'r St. Clare promised me my freedom. He told me that he had begun to take it out for me; and now, perhaps, if Miss Feely would be good enough to speak about it to missis, she would feel like goin' on with it, as it was Mas'r St. Clare's

"I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia; "but, if it depends on Mrs. St. Clare, I can't hope much for you ;-

So the good soul gathered herself up, and, taking her knitting, resolved to go into Marie's room, be as agreeable as possible, and negotiate Tom's case with all the diplomatic skill of which she was

She found Marie reclining at length upon a lounge, supporting herself on one elbow by pillows, while Jane, who had been out shopping, was displaying before her various samples. "That will do," said Marie, selecting one; "only I'm not sure

about its being properly mourning."

"What do you think?" said Marie to Miss Ophelia.

"It's a matter of custom, I suppose," said Miss Ophelia. "You

can judge about it better than I.

"The fact is," said Marie, "that I haven't a dress in the world that I can wear; and I am going to break up the establishment, and go off next week.

" Are you going so soon?"

"Yes. St. Clare's brother has written, and he and the lawyer think that the servants and furniture had better be put up at

auction, and the place left with our lawyer."

"There's one thing I wanted to speak with you about," said Miss Ophelia. "Augustine promised Tom his liberty, and began the legal forms necessary to it. I hope you will use your influence to have it perfected."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing !" said Marie sharply. "Tom is one of the most valuable servants on the place-it couldn't be afforded, any way. Besides, what does he want of liberty? He's

a great deal better off as he is."

'But he does desire it, very earnestly, and his master promised

it," said Miss Ophelia.

"I dare say he does want it," said Marie; "they all want it, just because they are a discontented set-always wanting what they haven't got. Now, I'm principled against emancipating, in any case. Keep a negro under the care of a master and he does well enough, and is respectable; but set them free, and they get lazy, and won't work, and take to drinking, and go all down to be mean, worthless fellows. I've seen it tried, hundreds of times. It's no favour to set them free."

"But Tom is so steady, industrious, and pious."

"Oh, you needn't tell me! I've seen a hundred like him. He'll do very well, as long as he's taken care of-that's all."

"But then, consider," said Miss Ophelia, "when you set him up

for sale, the chances of his getting a bad master."

"Oh, that's all humbug I" said Marie; "it isn't one time in a hundred that a good fellow gets a bad master; most masters are good, for all the talk that is made. I've lived and grown up here, in the South, and I never yet was acquainted with a master that didn't treat his servants well—quite as well as is worth while.

I don't feel any fears on that head."

'Everybody goes against me I" she said. "Everybody is so inconsiderate! I shouldn't have expected that you would bring up all these remembrances of my troubles to me-it's so inconsiderate! I suppose you mean well; but it is very inconsideratevery I" And Marie sobbed and gasped for breath, and called Mammy to open the window, and to bring her the camphor-bottle, and to bathe her head and unhook her dress. And, in the general confusion that ensued, Miss Ophelia made her escape to her apartment.

She saw, at once, that it would do no good to say anything more; for Marie had an indefinite capacity for hysteric fits. Miss Ophelia, therefore, did the next best thing she could for Tom—she wrote a letter to Mrs. Shelby for him, stating his trouble, and urging them to send to his relief.

The next day, Tom and Adolph, and some half a dozen other servants, were marched down to a slave warehouse, to await the

convenience of the trader making up a lot for auction.

Tom had with him quite a sizeable trunk full of clothing, as had most others of them. They were ushered for the night into a long room, where many other men of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion, were assembled. A slave warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others, kept with neatness; and where every day you may see arranged under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be "sold separately, or in lots, to suit the convenience of the purchaser;" and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade, or the fancy of the purchaser.

The reader may now be curious to take a peep at the apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl, of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who to-night cried herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here, a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of hard toil, waiting to be sold to-morrow, as a cast-off article, for what can be got for her; and some forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably dressed mulatto woman, between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing face. She has on her head a high-raised turban made of a gay Madras handkerchief, of the first quality; and her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material, showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen—her daughter. She is a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer complexion, though her likeness to her mother is quite discernible. She has the same soft, dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness and her white delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold to-morrow in the same lot with the St. Clare servants; and the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a so-called Christian church in New York.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline, had been the

personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy a one as in their condition it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property; and, by carelessness and extravagance, involved it to a large amount, and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. & Co., in New York. Brother B. being, as we have said, a nominal professing Christian man, and a resident in a free State, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He didn't like trading in slaves and souls of men-of course he didn't; but then, there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle; and so, after much considering, and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable, and remit the proceeds.

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro, over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group, waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St. Clare servants—Tom, Adolph, and others; and there, too, Susan and Emmeline, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him, for one whom he would wish to call master. And if you should ever be under the necessity of selecting, out of two hundred men, one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would, perhaps, realise, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men—great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, commonplace men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience;

but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him that increased as he came near. He was

evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eye-brows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him round, and made him jump and spring.

"Where was you raised?" he asked.

"In Kintuck, mas'r," said Tom.

"What have you done?"

"Had care of mas'r's farm," said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other shortly, as he passed on and stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him; passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx I" said the salesman; "no whimpering here—the sale is going to begin." And accordingly the sale begun. Adolph was knocked off, at a good sum, and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now, up with you, boy!" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round, all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "dollars," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.

He was pushed from the block;—the short, bullet-headed man seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying,

in a harsh voice, "Stand there, you !"

Still the bidding went on-rattling, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again—Susan is sold ! She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully back-her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her—a respectable middle-aged man, of benevolent countenance.

"Oh, mas'r, please do buy my daughter!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it I said the gentleman, looking, with painful interest, as the young girl mounted the block,

and looked around her with fright.

The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colourless cheek, her eye has a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

"I'll do anything in reason," said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in and joining with the bids. In a few moments they have run beyond his purse. He is silent; the auctioneer grows warmer; but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment; the hammer falls—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God helps her!

Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red River. She is pushed along into the same lot with Tom and

two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry; but then the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying, at these sales, always! it can't be helped, etc.; and he walks off, with his acquisition, in another direction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BONDAGE WORSE THAN EGYPT.

ON the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky—moon and star; all had passed by him, as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendours; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever-kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure—all gone I and in place thereof what remains?

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed in couples of two and two, down to the

good steamer Pirate, for the trip up the Red River.

The boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterised him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots he briefly expressed himself as follows:—

"Stand up." Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and, as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which he had been ransacking,

and, taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcutfs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes—

"You go there, and put these on, and take off your boots."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"There," said Simon, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout

shoes, such as were common among the slaves, " put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange, he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket.

Tom's Methodist hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten

he how held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what's yer name—you belong to the church, eh?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom firmly.

"Well, I'll soon have that out of you. I have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind, yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his gray eye, directed at Tom, "I'm your church now! You understandyou've got to be as I sav."

Something within the silent black man answered No! and, as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words Eva had often read to him-" Fear not! for I have redeemed thee. I have

called thee by my name. Thou art MINE!"

But Simon Legree heard no such voice. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the forecastle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen the articles very readily were sold to one and another and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that.

This affair over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

"Now, Tom, I've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It'll be long enough 'fore you get more. I go in for making niggers careful; one suit has to do for one year, on my place."

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting,

chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said, chucking her under the chin, "keep up your spirits."

The girl's involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion did not

escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None o' your shines, gal! you's got to keep a pleasant face, when I speak to ye-d'ye hear? And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!" he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, "don't you carry that sort of face ! You's got to look chipper, I tell ye!"

"I say, all on ye," he said, retreating a pace or two back, "look

at me—look at me—look me right in the eye—straight now!" said he, stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring,

greenish-gray eye of Simon.

"Now," said he, doubling his great, heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, "d'ye see this fist? Heft it" he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. "Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye, this yer fist has got as hard as iron knocking down niggers.

The women involuntarily drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected faces as Simon turned on his heel,

and marched off to the bar of the boat.

The boat moved on—freighted with its weight of sorrow—up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the tortuous windings of the River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep banks, as they glided by in dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a town, and Legree, with his party, disembarked.

Trailing wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates faced onward. In the wagon was seated Legree; and the two women, still fettered together, stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it. The whole company were

seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully, and now over log causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funereal black moss; while ever and anon the loathsome form of the moccasin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there, rotting in the water.

It is disconsolate enough, this riding, to the stranger, who, with well-filled pocket and well-appointed horse, threads the lonely way on some errand of business; but wilder, drearier, to the man enthralled, whom every weary step bears further from all that man

loves and prays for.

"Well, my little dear," said Legree, turning to Emmeline, and

laying his hand on her shoulder, "we're almost home !"

When Legree scolded and stormed, Emmeline was terrified; but when he laid his hand on her, and spoke as he now did, she felt as if she had rather he would strike her. The expression of his eyes made her soul sick, and her flesh creep. Involuntarily she clung closer to the mulatto woman by her side as if she were her mother.

The inclosures of Legree's plantation now came into view. The estate had formerly belonged to a gentleman of opulence and taste, who had bestowed some considerable attention to the adornment of his grounds. Having died insolvent, it had been purchased at a bargain price by Legree, who used it, as he did everything else, merely as an implement for money-making. The place had that sagged, forlorn appearance, which is always produced by the evidence that the care of the former owner has been left to go to utter decay.

What was once a smooth-shaven lawn before the house, dotted here and there with ornamental shrubs, was now covered with frowsy, tangled grass, with horse-posts set up, here and there, in it, where the turf was stamped away, and the ground littered with broken pails, cobs of corn, and other slovenly remains. Here and there, a mildewed jessamine or honeysuckle hung raggedly from some ornamental support, which had been pushed to one side by being used as a horse-post. What once was a large garden was now all grown over with weeds, through which, here and there, some solitary exotic reared its forsaken head. What had been a conservatory had now no window-sashes, and on the mouldering shelves stood some dry, forsaken flower-pots, with sticks in them, whose dried leaves showed they had once been plants.

The wagon rolled up a weedy gravel walk, under a noble avenue of China trees, whose graceful forms and ever-springing foliage seemed to be the only things that neglect could not alter—like noble spirits, so deeply rooted in goodness, as to flourish and grow stronger

amid discouragement and decay.

The house had been large and handsome, but now the place looked desolate and uncomfortable: some windows stopped up with boards, some with shattered panes, and shutters hanging by a single hinge—all telling of coarse neglect and discomfort. Bits of board, straw, old decayed barrels and boxes, garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious-looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon-wheels, came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions, by the effort of the ragged servants who came after them.

"Ye see what ye'd get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions, "Ye see what ye'd get, if ye try to run off. These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers; and they'd jest as soon chaw one on ye up as eat

their supper.

"Sambol" he said, to a ragged fellow, without any brim to his hat, who was officious in his attentions. "How have things been going?"

"Fust rate mas'r."

"Quimbo," said Legree to another, " ye minded what I telled ye?"

"Guess I did, didn't I?"

These two coloured men were the two principal hands on the plantation. Legree had trained them in savageness and brutality as systematically as he had his bull-dogs; by long practice in hardness and cruelty. It is a common remark, that the negro overseer is always more tyrannical and cruel than the white one. This is simply saying that the negro mind has been more crushed and debased than the white. It is no more true of this race than of every oppressed race. The slave is always a tyrant, if he gets the chance to be one.

As they stood there now by Legree, they seemed an apt illustration of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals. Their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes, rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind—were all in admirable keeping with the vile and unwholesome character of everything about the place.

"Here, you Sambo," said Legree, "take these yer boys down to the quarters; and here's a gal I've got for you," said he, as he separated the mulatto woman from Emmeline, and pushed her towards him; "I promised to bring you one, you know."

The woman gave a sudden start, and drew back.

"Go 'long!" said Legree, raising his whip.

"Come, mistress," he said to Emmeline, "you go in here with me."

A dark, wild face was seen, for a moment, to glance at the window of the house; and, as Legree opened the door, a female voice said something in a quick, imperative tone. Tom, who was looking, with anxious interest, after Emmeline, as she went in, noticed this, and heard Legree answer, angrily, "You may hold your tongue!

I'll do as I please, for all you!"

Tom heard no more; for he was soon following Sambo to the quarters. The quarters was a little sort of street of rude shanties, in a row, in a part of the plantation, far off from the house. They had a forlorn, brutal, forsaken air. Tom's heart sunk when he saw them. He had been comforting himself with the thought of a cottage, rude, indeed, but one which he might make neat and quiet, and where he might have a shelf for his Bible, and a place to be alone out of his labouring hours. He looked into several; they were mere rude shells, destitute of any species of furniture, except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor, which was merely the bare ground, trodden hard by the trampling of innumerable feet.

"Which will be mine?" said Tom submissively.

"Dun'no; ken turn in here, I 'spose," said Sambo; "'spects thar's room for another thar; thar's a heap o' niggers to each on 'em, now; sure I dun'no what I's to do with more."

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, and almost faint for

want of food.

"Thar, yo!" said Quimbo, throwing down a coarse bag, which contained a peck of corn; "thar, nigger, grab, take car on't—you

won't get no more, dis yer week."

Tom went to the mills to grind his corn, but they were occupied by many weary, overworked slaves. It was a late hour before he got his place, and then, moved by the utter weariness of two women, whom he saw trying to grind their corn there, he ground for them, put together the decaying brands of the fire, where many had baked cakes before them and then went about getting his own supper. It was a new kind of work there—a deed of charity, small as it was; but it woke an answering touch in their hearts—an expression of womanly kindness came over their hard faces; they mixed his cake for him, and tended its baking; and Tom sat down by the light of the fire, and drew out his Bible—for he had need of comfort.

"What's that?" said one of the women.

" A Bible," said Tom.

"Laws a me I what's dat? " said the woman.

"Do tell! you never hearm on't?" said the other woman. "I used to har missis a readin' on't, sometimes, in Kentuck; but we don't har nothin' here but crackin' and swarin'."

"Read a piece, anyways I" said the first woman, curiously.

Tom read—"Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Them's good words enough," said the woman; "who says 'em?"

"The Lord," said Tom.

"I jest wish I know'd whar to find him," said the woman. would go; 'pears like I never should get rested ag'in. My flesh is fairly sore, and I tremble all over every day, and Sambo's allers a jawin' at me, 'cause I doesn't pick faster; and nights it's most midnight fore I can get my supper; and den 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes 'fore I hear de horn blow to get up and at it ag'in in de mornin'. If I knew whar de Lor was, I'd tell Him."

'He's here, He's everywhere," said Tom.

"You an't gwine to make me believe dat! I know de Lord an't here," said the woman; "'tant' no use talking, though. I's jest

gwine to camp down, and sleep while I ken."

The women went off to their cabins, and Tom sat alone by the smouldering fire that flickered up redly in his face. The silver moon rose in the purple sky, and looked down, calm and silent, as God looks on the scene of misery and oppression-looked calmly on the lone black man, as he sat, with his arms folded, and his Bible on

" Is God HERE?" Ah, how is it possible for the untaught heart to keep its faith, unswerving, in the face of dire misrule, and palpable, unrebuked injustice? In that simple heart waged a fierce conflict : the crushing sense of wrong—the foreshadowing of a whole life of future misery—the wreck of all past hopes, mournfully tossing in the soul's sight, like dead corpses of wife, and child, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and surging in the face of the half-drowned mariner! Ah, was it easy here to believe and hold fast that inspiration of the Christian faith, that "God is the REWARDER of them

Tom rose disconsolate, and stumbled into the cabin that had been allotted to him. The floor was already strewn with weary sleepers, and the foul air of the place almost repelled him; but the heavy night-dews were chill, and his limbs weary, and, wrapping about him a tattered blanket, which formed his only bed-clothing, he stretched

himself in the straw, and fell asleep.

In dreams, a gentle voice came over his ear; he was sitting on the mossy seat in the garden by Lake Pontchartrain, and Eva, with her serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible;

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel,

CHAPTER XXIV.

CASSY.

It took but a short time to familiarise Tom with all that was to he hoped or feared in his new way of life. He was an expert and efficient workman in whatever he undertook; and was, both from habit and principle, prompt and faithful. Quiet and peaceable in his disposition, he hoped, by unremitting diligence, to avert from himself at least a portion of the evils of his condition. He saw enough of abuse and misery to make him sick and weary; but he determined to toil on, with religious patience, committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously, not without hope that

some way of escape might yet be opened to him.

Legree took silent note of Tom's availability. He rated him as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him—the native antipathy of bad to good. He saw plainly, that when, as was often the case, his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of it; for, so subtle is the atmosphere of opinion, that it will make itself felt, without words; and the opinion even of a slave may annoy a master. Tom in various ways manifested a tenderness of feeling, a commiseration for his fellow-sufferers, strange and new to them, which was watched with a jealous eye by Legree. He had purchased Tom with a view of eventually making him a sort of overseer, with whom he might, at times, entrust his affairs, in short absences; and, in his view, the first, second, and third requisite for that place, was hardness. Legree made up his mind that, as Tom was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith.

One morning, when the hands were mustered for the field, Tom noticed, with surprise, a new-comer among them, whose appearance excited his attention. It was a woman, tall and slenderly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. Her face once seen, could never be forgotten -one of those that, at a glance, seem to convey to us an idea of a wild, painful, and romantic history. Her forehead was high, and her eyebrows marked with beautiful clearness. Her straight, wellformed nose, her finely-cut mouth, and the graceful contour of her head and neck, showed that she must once have been beautiful; but her face was deeply wrinkled with lines of pain, and of proud and bitter endurance. Her complexion was sallow and unhealthy, her cheeks thin, her features sharp, and her whole form emaciated. her eye was the most remarkable feature—so large, so heavily black, overshadowed by long lashes of equal darkness, and so wildly, mournfully despairing. There was a fierce pride and defiance in every line of her face, in every curve of the flexible lip, in every motion of her body; but in her eye was a deep, settled night of anguish-an expression so hopeless and unchanging as to contrast

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fearfully with the scorn and pride expressed by her whole demeanour. Who she was Tom did not know, but as they marched off to the fields, he found she was walking by his side, erect and proud, in the dim gray of the dawn. To the gang, however, she was known; for there was a smothered yet apparent exultation among the miserable, ragged, half-starved creatures by whom she was

"Got to come to it, at last-glad of it!" said one.

Tom had always lived among refined and cultivated people, and he felt intuitively, from her air and bearing, that she belonged to that class; but how or why she could have fallen to those degrading circumstances, he could not tell. The woman neither looked at him nor spoke to him, though, all the way to the field, she kept close at his side.

Tom was soon busy at his work; but, as the woman was at no great distance from him, he often glanced an eye to her, at her work. He saw, at a glance, that a native adroitness and handiness made the task to her an easier one than it proved to many. She picked very fast and very clean, and with an air of scorn, as if she despised both the work and the disgrace and humiliation of the circumstances in which she was placed.

In the course of the day, Tom was working near the mulatto woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled, and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently transferred several handfuls of cotton from his

own sack to hers.

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised; "it'll

get you into trouble."

Just then Sambo came up. He seemed to have a special spite against this woman; and, flourishing his whip, said, in brutal, guttural tones, "What dis yer, Luce-foolin' a'?" and, with the word, kicking the woman with his heavy cow-hide shoe, he struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman before at the last

point of exhaustion, fainted.

"I'll bring her to I" said the driver, with a brutal grin. "I'll give her something better than camphire !" and, taking a pin from his coat-sleeve, he buried it in her flesh. The woman groaned, and half rose. "Get up, you beast, and work, will yer, or I'll show you a trick more I"

The woman seemed stimulated, for a few moments, to an unnatural

strength, and worked with desperate eagerness.

At the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again, and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

"Oh, you mustn't! you don'no what they'll do to you!"

"I can bar it!" said Tom, "better'n you;" and he was at

his place again. It passed in a moment.

Suddenly, the stranger woman whom we have described, and who had, in the course of her work, come near enough to hear Tom's last words, raised her heavy black eyes, and fixed them, for a second, on him; then, taking a quantity of cotton from her basket, she placed

"You know nothing about this place," she said, " or you wouldn't have done that. When you've been here a month, you'll be done helping anybody; you'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin!"

"The Lord forbid, missis!" said Tom, using instinctively to his

field companion the respectful form proper to the high bred.

"The Lord never visits these parts," said the woman, bitterly,

and again the scornful smile curled her lips.

The woman turned to her work, and laboured with a despatch that was perfectly astonishing to Tom. Before the day was through, her basket was filled, crowded down and piled, and she had several times put largely into Tom's. Long after dusk, the whole weary train, with their baskets on their heads, defiled up to the building appropriated to the storing and weighing the cotton. Legree was there, busily conversing with the two drivers.

"Dat ar Tom's gwine to make a powerful deal o' trouble; kept a puttin' into Lucy's basket.-One o' these yer dat will get all der niggers to feelin' 'bused, if mas'r don't watch him!" said Sambo.

'He'll have to get a breakin' in, won't he, boys?" said Legree.

Both negroes grinned a horrid grin, at this intimation. "Now, dar's Lucy," pursued Sambo, "Wal, Lucy was real aggravating and lazy, sulkin' round; wouldn't do nothin'-and Tom he tuck up for her."

"He did, eh! Wal, then, Tom shall have the pleasure of flogging It'll be a good practice for him, and he won't put it on to the

gal like you."

Slowly the weary, dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and, with crouching reluctance, presented their baskets to be weighed.

Legee noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of

names, the amount.

Tom's basket was weighed and approved; and he looked, with an anxious glance, for the success of the woman he had befriended.

Tottering with weakness, she came forward, and delivered her basket. It was of full weight, as Legree well perceived; but, affecting anger, he said-

"What, you lazy beast I short again I Stand aside !" The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and fell down.

The person who had been called Misse Cassy now came forward, and, with a haughty, negligent air, delivered her basket. As she delivered it, Legree looked in her eyes with a sneering yet inquiring glance.

She fixed her black eyes steadily on him, her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one knew; but Legree's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression, as she spoke; he half raised his hand, as if to strike-a gesture which she regarded with fierce disdain, as she turned and walked away.

"And now," said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see, I telled ye I didn't buy ye jest for the common work; I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye; and to-night we may jest as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this yer gal and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to know how."

"I beg mas'r's pardon," said Tom; "hopes mas'r won't set me

at that. It's what I an't used to-never did-and can't do."

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"Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know. before I've done with ye ! " said Legree, taking up a cow-hide, and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the affliction by a shower of blows. "Now, will ye tell me ye can't do it ? "

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand, to wipe the blood, that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work, night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing, I can't feel it right to do; and, mas'r, I never shall do it-never!"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a habitually respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, a thrill of amazement went through every one; the poor woman clasped her hands, and said, "O Lord!" and every one involuntarily looked at each other and drew their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked confounded; but at last burst forth—
"What! ye black beast! tell me ye don't think it right to do what I tell ye! What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what's right? I'll put a stop to it! Why, what do ye think ye are? May be ye think ye'r a gentleman, Master Tom, to be telling your master what's right, and what an't! So you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal!"

"I think so, mas'r," said Tom; "the poor crittur's sick and feeble; 'twould be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, or begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but, as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall-I'll die first!"

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision what could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion.

"An't yer mine, now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a

violent kick with his heavy boot; "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed-

"No! no! no! my soul an't yours, mas'r! You haven't bought it-ye can't buy it ! It's been bought and paid for, by One that is

able to keep it; no matter, no matter, you can't harm me!"
"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see—we'll see! Here, Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of powers of darkness. The poor women screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unresisting from the place.

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with mosquitoes, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst—a torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish.

"Oh, good Lord! Do look down—give me the victory !—give

me the victory over all!" prayed Tom in anguish.

A footstep entered the room, behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Oh, for the Lord's massy, please give me some water!"

The woman Cassy—for it was she—set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head, and gave him drink. Another and another cup were drained, with feverish eagerness.

"Drink all ye want," she said; "I knew how it would be. It isn't the first time I've been out in the night carrying water to such

as you.

'Thank you, missis," said Tom, when he had done.

"Don't call me missis! I'm a miserable slave, like yourself—a lower one than you can ever be!" said she bitterly; "but now," said she, going to the door, and dragging in a small palliasse, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, "try my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this."

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement; but when done, he felt a sensible relief from

the cooling application to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom's wounds, by means of which he was soon somewhat relieved.

"Now," said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, "there's the best I

can do for you."

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and embracing them with her arms, looked fizedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy face.

"It's no use, my poor fellow!" she broke out at last—"it's of no use, this you've been trying to do. You were a brave fellow—you had the right on your side; but it's all in vain, and out of the question for you to struggle. You are in the devil's hands, and

you must give up!"

Give up! and had not human weakness and physical agony whispered that before? Tom started; for the bitter woman, with her wild eyes and melancholy voice, seemed to him an embodiment of the temptation with which he had been wrestling.

"O Lord ! O Lord !" he groaned, "how can I give up?"

"There's no use calling on the Lord—He never hears," said the woman steadily; "there isn't any God, I believe; or, if there is,

He's taken sides against us."

"You see," said the woman "you don't know anything about it; I do. I've been on this place five years, body and soul under this man's foot; and I hate him as I do the devil! Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps; not a

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white person here, who could testify, if you were burned alive-if you were scalded, cut into inch-pieces, set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There's no law here, of God or man, that can do you, or any one of us, the least good; and this man; there's no earthly thing that he's too good to do. I could make any one's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I have seen here-and it's no use resisting! And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account? Every one of them would turn against you, the first time they got the chance."

"Poor critturs !" said Tom-" what made 'em cruel ?-and, if I give out, I shall get used to't, and grow, little by little, just like 'em' No no, missis! I've lost everything-wife, and children, and home, and a kind mas'r—and he would have set me free, if he'd only lived a week longer; I've lost everything in this world, and it's clean gone for ever, and now I can't lose heaven too; no, I can't get to be

wicked."

"But it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account," said the woman; "He won't charge it to us when we're forced to it"

He'll charge it to them that drove us to it."

"Yes," said Tom; "but that won't keep us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hard-hearted as that ar Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so; it's the bein' sothat ar's what I'm a dreadin'."

The woman fixed a wild and startled look on Tom, as if a new

thought had struck her; and then, heavily groaning said-

"O God a mercy! you speak the truth! Oh-oh-oh!"-and, with groans, she fell on the floor, like one crushed and writhing under the extremity of mental anguish.

There was a silence a while, in which the breathing of both parties

could be heard, when Tom faintly said,

"Please, missis, I saw 'em throw my coat in that ar corner, and in my coat-pocket is my Bible-if missis would please get it for me."

Cassy went and got it. Tom opened it at a heavily marked passage, much worn, of the last scenes in the life of Him by whose stripes we are healed.

"If missis would only be so good as to read that ar-it's better than water."

Cassy took the book and looked over the passage. She then read aloud, in a soft voice, and with a beauty of intonation that was peculiar, that touching account of anguish and of glory. Often, as she read, her voice faltered, and sometimes failed her altogether, when she would stop, with an air of frigid composure, till she had mastered herself. When she came to the touching words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," she threw down the book, and burying her face in the heavy masses of her hair, she sobbed aloud, with a convulsive violence.

Tom was weeping also, and uttering smothered ejaculations.

"If we could only keep up to that ar I " said Tom; "it seemed to come so natural to Him, and we have to fight so hard for't !-O Lord, help us! O do help us!"

"Missis," said Tom, after a while, "I can see that, somehow, you're quite bove me in everything; but there's one thing missis

might learn even from poor Tom. Ye said the Lord took sides against us because He let us be 'bused and knocked round; but ye see what came on His own Son—the blessed Lord of Glory—wan't He allays poor? and have we, any of us, yet come so low as He come? The Lord han't forgot us—I'm sartin' o' that ar. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign, Scripture says.

"But why does He put us where we can't help but sin?" said the

woman.

" I think we can help it," said Tom.

The woman did not answer; she sat with her black eyes intently fixed on the floor.

"May be it's the way," she murmured to herself.

CHAPTER XXV

TOM'S COMPASSION

WHEN Tom stood face to face with his persecutor, and heard his threats, and thought in his very soul that his hour was come, his heart swelled bravely in him, and he thought he could bear torture, fire, anything, with the vision of Jesus and heaven just a step beyond; but, when he was gone, and the excitement passed off, came back the pain of his bruised and weary limbs—came back the sense of his utterly degraded, hopeless, forlorn estate; and the day passed wearily enough.

Long before his wounds were healed, Legree insisted that he should be put to the regular field-work; and then came day after day of pain and weariness, aggravated by every kind of injustice and indignity that the ill-will of a mean and malicious mind could devise. He no longer wondered at the habitual surliness of his associates; nay, he found the placid, sunny temper, which had been the habitude of his life, broken in on, and sorely strained by the inroads of the

same thing.

In the height of the season, Legree did not hesitate to press all his hands through, Sundays and week-days alike. He made more cotton by it, and gained his wager; and if it wore out a few more hands, he could buy better ones. At first, Tom used to read a verse or two of his Bible, by the flicker of the fire, after he had returned from his daily toil; but, after the cruel treatment he received, he used to come home so exhausted that his head swam and his eyes failed when he tried to read; and he was tain to stretch himself down, with the others, in utter exhaustion.

Is it strange that the religious peace and trust, which had upborne him hitherto, should give way to tossings of soul and despondent darkness? The gloomiest problem of this mysterious life was constantly before his eyes—souls crushed and ruined, evil triumphant and God silent. It was weeks and months that Tom wrestled, in his own soul, in darkness and sorrow. He thought of Miss Ophelia's

letter to his Kentucky friends, and would pray earnestly that God would send him deliverance. And then he would watch, day after day, in the vague hope of seeing somebody sent to redeem him; and, when nobody came, he would crush back to his soul bitter thoughtsthat it was vain to serve God, that God had forgotten him. sometimes saw Cassy; and sometimes, when summoned to the house, caught a glimpse of the dejected form of Emmeline, but held very little communion with either; in fact, there was no time for him to commune with anybody.

Legree noticing Tom's depression, took special delight in taunting him about his belief in God, but such occasions only kindled to a flame the smouldering fire of faith and enabled him to bid defiance to all Legree's taunts. This would rouse Legree's wrath io a fury and his whip would descend with utter recklessness on the patient

sufferer.

After a time the dread soul-crisis in Tom's life passed, and from this time, an inviolable sphere of peace encompassed the lowly heart of the oppressed one-an ever-present Saviour hallowed it as a temple. Past now the bleeding of earthly regrets; past its fluctuations of hope, and fear, and desire; the human will, bent, and bleeding, and struggling long, was now entirely merged in the Divine. So short now seemed the remaining voyage of life-so near, so vivid, seemed eternal blessedness—that life's uttermost woes fell from him unharming.

All noticed the change in his appearance. Cheerfulness and alertness seemed to return to him, and a quietness which no insult

or injury could ruffle seemed to possess him.

Tom's whole soul overflowed with compassion and sympathy for the poor wretches by whom he was surrounded. To him it seemed as if his life-sorrows were now over, and as if, out of that strange treasury of peace and joy, with which he had been endowed from above, he longed to pour out something for the relief of their woes. It is true, opportunities were scanty; but, on the way to the fields and back again, and during the hours of labour, chances fell in his way of extending a helping-hand to the weary, the disheartened and discouraged. The poor, worn-down, brutalised creatures, at first, could scarce comprehend this; but, when it was continued week after week, and month after month, it began to awaken long-silent chords in their benumbed hearts. Gradually and imperceptibly the strange, silent, patient man, who was ready to bear every one's burden, and sought help from none-who stood aside for all, and came last, and took least, yet was foremost to share his little all with any who needed—the man who, in cold nights, would give up his tattered blanket to add to the comfort of some woman who shivered with sickness, and who filled the baskets of the weaker ones in the field, at the terrible risk of coming short in his own measure—and who, though pursued with unrelenting cruelty by their common tyrant, never joined in uttering a word of reviling or cursing—this man, at last, began to have a strange power over them; and, when the more pressing season was past, and they were allowed again their Sundays for their own use, they would hear from Tom the story of

One night, after all the others in Tom's cabin were sunk in sleep he

was startled by seeing Cassy's face at the hole between the logs, that served for a window. She made a silent gesture for him to come out.

Tom came out the door. It was one o'clock at night and Tom noticed as the light of the moon fell upon Cassy's large black eyes, that there was a wild and peculiar glare in them, unlike their wonted

fixed despair.

"Come here, Father Tom," she said, laying her small hand on his wrist, and drawing him forward with a force as if the hand were of steel; "Come along! He's asleep—sound. I've put enough into his brandy to keep him so. I wish I'd had more—I shouldn't have wanted you. But come, the back door is unlocked; there's an axe there, I put it there—his room door is open; I'll show you the way. I'd a done it myself, only my arms are so weak. Come along."

"Not for ten thousand worlds, misse!" said Tom firmly, stopping and holding her back. "No, ye poor, lost soul, that ye mustn't do. The dear, blessed Lord never shed no blood but his own, and that He poured out for us when we was enemies. Lord help us to follow

His steps, and love our enemies."

"Love !" said Cassy, with a fierce glare; "love such enemies !

It isn't in flesh and blood."

"No, misse, it isn't," said Tom looking up; "but He gives it to us, and that's the victory. When we can love and pray over all and through all, the battle's past and the victory's come—glory be to God!" And, with streaming eyes and choking voice, the black man looked up to heaven.

"Oh, Misse Cassy!" said Tom, compassionately, "turn to the dear

Lord Jesus. He came to bind up the broken-hearted."

Cassy stood silent, while tears dropped from her eyes.

"Misse Cassy" said Tom, in a hesitating tone, after surveying her a moment in silence, "if ye only could get away from here—if the thing was possible—I'd 'vise ye and Emmeline to do it; that is, if ye could go without blood-guiltiness—not otherwise."

"Would you try it with us, Father Tom?"

"No," said Tom; "time was when I would; but the Lord's given me a work among these yer poor souls, and I'll stay with 'em and bear my cross with 'em till the end. It's different with you; it's a snare to you—it's more'n you can stand—and you'd better go, if you can."

Cassy had often revolved for hours, all possible or probable schemes of escape, and dismissed them all as hopeless and impracticable; but at this moment there flashed through her mind a plan, so simple and feasible in all its details, as to awaken an instant hope.

"Father Tom, I'll try it !" she said suddenly.
"Amen!" said Tom; "the Lord help ye!"

It was now near evening. Legree had been absent, on a ride to a neighbouring farm. For many days Cassy had been unusually gracious and accommodating in her humours; and Legree and she had been, apparently, on the best of terms. At present, we may behold her and Emmeline in the room of the latter, busy in sorting and arranging two small bundles.

"There, these will be large enough," said Cassy. "Now put on

your bonnet, and let's start: it's just about the right time."

"Why, they can see us yet," said Emmeline.

"I mean they shall," said Cassy coolly. "Don't you know that they must have their chase after us, at any rate? The way of the thing is to be just this: -We will steal out of the back door, and run down by the quarters. Sambo or Quimbo will be sure to see us. They will give chase, and we will get into the swamp; then. they can't follow us any further till they go and give the alarm, and turn out the dogs, and so on; and, while they are blundering round, and tumbling over each other, as they always do, you and I will just slip along to the creek, that runs back of the house, and wade along in it, till we get opposite the back door. That will put the dogs all at fault; (for scent won't lie in the water.) Every one will run out of the house to look after us, and then we'll whip in at the back door and up into the garret, where I've got a nice bed made up in one of the great boxes. We must stay in that garret a good while; for, I tell you, he will raise heaven and earth after us. He'll muster some of those old overseers on the other plantations, and have a great hunt; and they'll go over every inch of ground in that swamp. He makes it his boast that nobody ever got away from him. So let him hunt at his leisure."

There was neither pleasure nor exultation in Cassy's eyes-only

a despairing firmness.

"Come," she said, reaching her hand to Emmeline.

The two fugitives glided noiselessly from the house, and flitted, through the gathering shadows of evening, along by the quarters. The crescent moon, set like a silver signet in the western sky, delayed a little the approach of night. As Cassy expected, when quite near the verge of the swamps that encircled the plantation, they heard a voice calling to them to stop. It was not Sambo, however, but Legree, who was pursuing them with violent execrations. At the sound, the feebler spirit of Emmeline gave way; and laying hold of Cassy's arm, she said, "Oh, Cassy, I'm going to faint!"

"If you do, I'll kill you I" said Cassy, drawing a small, glittering

stiletto, and flashing it before the eyes of the girl.

The diversion accomplished the purpose. Emmeline did not faint, and succeeded in plunging with Cassy, into a part of the labyrinth of swamp, so deep and dark that it was perfectly hopeless for Legree to think of following them,

"Well," said he, chuckling brutally; "at any rate, they've got' themselves into a trap now—the baggages ! They're safe enough.

They shall sweat for it!"

"Hollo, there! Sambo! Quimbo! All hands!" called Legree. coming to the quarters, when the men and women were just returning "There's two runaways in the swamps. I'll give five dollars to any nigger as catches 'em. Turn out the dogs, Tiger, and Fury, and the rest!"

The sensation produced by this news was immediate. the men sprang forward, officiously, to offer their services, either from the hope of the reward, or from that cringing subserviency which is one of the baleful effects of slavery. Some ran one way, and some another. Some were for getting flambeaux of pine-knots. Some were uncoupling the dogs, whose hoarse, savage bay added to the animation of the scene.

The whole band, with the glare of blazing torches, and whoop, and shout, and savage yell, of man and beast, proceeded down to the swamp, followed at some distance by every servant in the house, The establishment was, of a consequence, wholly deserted, when Cassy and Emmeline glided into it the back way.

"There's no occasion for hurry," said Cassy coolly; "they are all out after the hunt-that's the amusement of the evening! We'll go up-stairs, by and by. Meanwhile," said she, taking a key from the pocket of a coat that Legree had thrown in his hurry-" I shall

take something to pay our passage."

She unlocked the desk, took from it a roll of bills, which she counted over rapidly

"Don't do that!" said Emmeline, "It would be stealing,"
"Don't!" said Cassy; "why not? Would you have us starve in the swamps, or have that that will pay our way to the free states? Money will do anything, girl." And as she spoke, she put the money in her bosom.

"They who steal body and soul needn't talk to us. Every one of these bills is stolen-stolen from poor, starving, sweating

creatures."

When Emmeline reached the garret, she found an immense box, in which some heavy pieces of furniture had once been brought, turned on its side, so that the opening faced the wall, or rather the eaves. Cassy lit a small lamp, and, creeping round under the eaves, they established themsleves in it. It was spread with a couple of small mattresses and some pillows; a box near by was plentifully stored with candles, provisions, and all the clothing necessary to their journey, which Cassy had arranged into bundles of an astonishingly small compass

Now," said Cassy, "this is to be our home for the present."

"Are you sure they won't come and search the garret?" "I'd like to see Simon Legree doing that," said Cassy. indeed; he will be too glad to keep away. As to the servants, they would any of them be shot, sooner than show their faces here; to them it is haunted ."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MARTYR.

THE escape of Cassy and Emmeline irritated the before surly temper of Legree to the last degree; and his fury, as was to be expected, fell upon the defenceless head of Tom. he hurrically announced the tidings among his hands, there was a sudden light in Tom's eyes, a sudden upraising of his hands, that did not escape him. He saw that he did not join the pursuers, and thought of forcing him to do it; but, having had, of old, experience of his inflexibility when commanded to take part in any deed of inhumanity, he would not, in his hurry, stop to enter into any conflict with him.

Tom, therefore, stayed behind, with a few who had learned of

him to pray, and offered up prayers for their escape.

When Legrec returned, baffled and disappointed, all the longworking hatred of his soul towards his slave began to gather in a deadly and desperate form. Had not this man braved himsteadily, powerfully, resistlessly-ever since he bought him? Was there not a spirit in him which, silent as it was, burned on him like the fires of perdition?

"I hate him !" said Legree, that night, as he sat up in his bed; "I hate him! And isn't he MINE? Can't I do what I like with him? Who's to hinder, I wonder?" And Legree clenched his fist, and shook it, as if he had something in his hands that he could

rend in pieces.

But, then, Tom was a faithful, valuable servant; and, although Legree hated him the more for that, yet the consideration was still

somewhat of a restraint to him.

The next morning he determined to say nothing, as yet; to assemble a party, from some neighbouring plantations, with dogs and guns; to surround the swamp, and go about the hunt systematically. If it succeeded, well and good; if not, he would summon Tom before him, and—his teeth clenched and his blood boiled—then he would break that fellow down, or-there was a dire inward whisper, to which his soul assented.

"Well," said Cassy, as she reconnoitred through a knot-hole

in the garret, " the hunt begins again."

The hunt was long, animated, and thorough, but unsuccessful; and, with grave, ironic exultation, Cassy looked down on Legree as, weary and dispirited, he alighted from his horse.

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room "you jest go and walk that Tom up here, right away! He is at the bottom of this yer whole matter; and I'll have it out of his old black hide this time."

Sambo and Quimbo, both, though hating each other, were joined in one mind by a no less hatred of Tom. Legree had told them, at

first, that he had bought him for a general overseer, in his absence; and this had begun an ill-will, on their part, which had increased, in their debased and servile natures, as they saw him becoming obnoxious to their master. Quimbo, therefore, departed, with a will, to execute his orders.

Tom heard the message with a heavy heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment; he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet

death, rather than betray them.

He sat his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"Ay, ay!" said the giant, as he dragged him along; "ye'll cotch it, now! I'll be bound mas'r's back's up high! No sneaking out now! Ye'll get it, and no mistake! See how ye'll look, now

helpin' mas'r's niggers to run away I"

The savage words none of them reached that ear!—a higher voice there was saying. "Fear not them that kill the body and, after that, have no more that they can do." Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed—his home was in sight—and the hour of release seemed at hand.

'Well, Tom !" said Legree, walking up, and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, "do you know I've made up my mind

to KILL you?"

"It's very likely, mas'r," said Tom calmly.

"I have," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "donejust-that-thing, Tom, unless you'll tell me what you know about these yer gals !

Tom stood silent.

"D'ye hear?" said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak!"

"I han't got nothing to tell, mas'r," said Tom with a slow, firm,

deliberate utterance.

"Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't know?" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, mas'r; but I can't tell anything. I can die!"

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice: "Hark'e, Tom I-ye think, 'cause I've let you off before I don't mean what I say; but, this time, I've made up my mind, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin' me: now, I'll conquer ye or kill ve !- one or t'other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you and take 'em one by one, till ye give up!

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save you, I'd give ye my heart's blood; and, if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave His for me. Oh, mas'r! don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than t'will me! Do the worst you can, my troubles 'll be soon over; but, if ye don't repent, yours won't never end !"

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence, that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation of that hardened

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause—one irresolute, relenting thrill-and the spirit of evil came back, with seven-fold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear. What brother-man and brother-Christian must suffer, cannot be told us. even in our sacred chamber, it so harrows up the soul! Of old, there was One whose suffering changed an instrument of torture, degradation, and shame, into a symbol of glory, honour, and immortal life; and, where His Spirit is, neither degrading stripes, nor blood, nor insults, can make the Christian's last struggle less than glorious.

Was he alone that night, whose brave, loving spirit was bearing

up, against such buffeting and brutal stripes?

Nay! There stood by him ONE—seen by him alone—" like unto

the Son of God."

The tempter stood by him, too-blinded by furious, despotic willevery moment pressing him to shun that agony by the betrayal of the innocent. But the brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could utmost extremity wring from him words, save of prayer and holy trust.
"He's most gone, mas'r," said Sambo touched, in spite of

himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away, till he gives up I-Give it to him !-give it to him !" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor miserable crittur!" he said, "there an't no more ye can do! (I forgive ye, with all my soul!") and he fainted away.

I b'lieve, my soul, he's done for, finally," said Legree, stepping forward, to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up

at last-that's one comfort I "

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul?that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning !

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious

prayers had struck upon the hearts of the imbruted blacks who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him; and, the instant Legree withdrew, they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life—as if that were any favour to him.

"Sartin, we's been doin' a dre'ful wicked thing I" said Sambo;

"hopes mas'r 'll have to count for it, and not we."

They washed his wounds—they provided a rude bed, of some cotton refuse, for him to lie down on; and one of them, stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tired, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"Oh, Tom!" said Quimbo, "we's been awful wicked to ye!"

"I'll forgive ye, with all my heart!" said Tom faintly.

"Oh, Tom I do tell us who is Jesus, anyhow?" said Sambo—
"Jesus that's been a standin' by you so, all this night!—Who is he?"
The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a
few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—his life, his death,

his everlasting presence, and power to save.

They wept—both the two savage men.

"Why didn't I never hear this before?" said Sambo; "but I do believe!—I can't help it!—Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!"

"Poor critturs!" said Tom, "I'd be willing to bar all I have, it it'll only bring ye to Christ! O Lord! give me these two more souls, I pray!"

That prayer was answered!

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up through the avenue of China trees, and, throwing the reins hastily on the horse's neck, sprang out and inquired for the owner.

It was George Shelby; and, to show how he came to be there we

must go back in our story.

The letter of Miss Ophelia to Mrs. Shelby had by some unfortunate accident, been detained, for a month or two, at some remote post-office, before it reached its destination; and of course, before it was received, Tom was already lost to view among the distant swamps of the Red River.

Mrs. Shelby read the intelligence with the deepest concern; but any immediate action upon it was an impossibility. She was then in attendance on the sick-bed of her husband, who lay delirious in the crisis of a fever. Master George Shelby, who, in the interval, had changed from a boy to a tall young man, was her constant and faithful assistant, and her only reliance in superintending his father's affairs. Miss Ophelia had taken the precaution to send them the name of the lawyer who did business for the St. Clares; and the most that, in the emergency, could be done, was to address a letter of inquiry to him. The sudden death of Mr. Shelby, a few days after, brought, of course, an absorbing pressure of other interests.

Mrs. Shelby, with characteristic energy, applied herself to the work of straightening the entangled web of affairs; and she and George were for some time occupied with collecting and examining accounts, selling property, and settling debts; for Mrs. Shelby was determined that everything should be brought into tangible and recognisable shape, let the consequences to her prove what they might. In the meantime, they received a letter from the lawyer to

whom Miss Ophelia had referred them, saying that he knew nothing of the matter; that the man was sold at a public auction, and that,

beyond receiving the money, he knew nothing of the affair.

Neither George nor Mrs. Shelby could be easy at this result; and, accordingly, some months after, the former, having business for his mother down the river, resolved to visit New Orleans, in person, and push his inquiries, in hopes of discovering Tom's whereabouts, and restoring him.

After a long wearisome search, by a mere accident George fell in with a man, in New Orleans, who happened to be possessed of the desired information; and with his money in his pocket, our hero took steamboat for Red River resolving to find out and re-purchase

his old friend.

He was soon introduced into the house, where he found Legree in the sitting-room.

Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought in New Orleans, a boy, named Tom. He used to be on my father's place,

and I came to see if I couldn't buy him back."

Legree's brow grew dark, and he broke out, passionately: "Yes, I did buy such a fellow—a most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away; got off two gals, worth eight hundred or a thousand dollars apiece. He owned to that, and, when I bid him tell me where they was, he up and said he knew, but he wouldn't tell; and stood to it, though I gave him the awfullest flogging I ever gave nigger yet. I believe he's trying to die; but I don't know as he'll make it out."

"Where is he?" said George impetuously. "Let me see him." The cheeks of the young man were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire;

but he prudently said nothing, as yet.

"He's in dat ar shed," said a little fellow, who stood holding George's horse.

Legree kicked the boy, and swore at him; but George, without

saying another word, turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night; not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed. He lay, for the most part, in a quiet stupor; for the laws of a powerful and well-knit frame would not at once release the imprisoned spirit. By stealth, there had been there, in the darkness of the night, poor desolated creatures, who stole from their scanty hours' rest, that they might repay to him some of those ministrations of love in which he had always been so abundant.

When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart

sick.

"Is it possible—is it possible!" said he, kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend !"

Tears which did honour to his manly heart fell from the young

man's eyes, as he bent over his poor friend.

"Oh, dear Uncle Tom! do wake-do speak once more! Look up! Here's Mas'r George—your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying.

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice; "Mas'r George!" He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is-it is-it's all I wanted! They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul: it does my old heart good! Now I

shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"You shan't die I you mustn't die, nor think of it! I've come to buy you, and take you home," said George, with impetuous vehemence.

"Oh, Mas'r George, ye're too late. The Lord's bought me, and is going to take me home-and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kintuck."

"Oh, don't die I It'll kill me !-it'll break my heart to think

what you've suffered—and lying in this old shed, here I"

"Oh, Mas'r George! I'm right in the door, going into glory. Heaven has come ! I've got the victory !- the Lord Jesus has given it to me! Glory be to His name!"

George was awe-struck at the force, the vehemence, the power,

with which these broken sentences were uttered.

Tom grasped his hand, and continued—" Ye mustn't, now, tell Chloe, poor soul! how ye found me !- 'twould be so dre'ful to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory; and that I couldn't stay for no one. And tell her the Lord's stood by me everywhere and al'ays, and made everything light and easy. And oh, the poor chil'en, and the baby !-my old heart's been 'most broke for 'em, time and agin! Tell 'em all to follow me-follow me! Give my love to mas'r, and dear good missis, and everybody in the place I Ye don't know! 'Pears like I loves 'em all! I loves every creatur', everywhar !- it's nothing but love! Oh, Mas'r George, what a thing 'tis to be a Christian I"

At this monent, the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man, gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him; he closed his eyes; and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face, that told the

approach of other worlds.

Who-who-who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he said in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and, with

a smile, he fell asleep.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy; and, as he closed the lifeless eyes, and rose up from the dead, only one thought possessed him-that expressed by his simple old friend-" What a thing it is to be a Christian !"

He turned; Legree was standing, sullenly, behind him.

Fixing his keen, dark eyes on Legree, he simply said, pointing to the dead, "You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it away, and bury it decently."

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree, doggedly. "You are

welcome to bury him where and when you like."

"Boys," said George, in an authoritative tone, to two or three negroes, who were looking on "help me lift him up, and carry him to my wagon; and get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to

carry the body to the wagon.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees: there they made the grave. They reverently laid him in; and the men shovelled away silently.

They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of our friend. He needs none! His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up, immortal, to appear with Him when He shall appear in His glory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FREE MEN AND FREE WOMEN

DIE! HE rest of our story is soon told, George Harris with his wife and their little boy George escaped safely to Canada. Tom Loker after the kindness shown to him, had turned friend to them. He told them they would be watched for at the ferry-boat at Sandusky, and had advised them to divide their party and the best way to disguise themselves. Marks turned up just before the boat sailed, but thanks to Tom Loker, even his customary astuteness was unable to perceive his rightful quarry among the passengers. Soon the American shore and Marks disappeared in the mist and Canada and freedom were reached.

Cassy and Emmeline escaped from Legree's premises after things had quietened down and chanced to travel on the same boat as George Harris. Cassy had noticed the young man from her loop-hole in the garret, and had watched his grief at Tom's death and his

bitterness to Legree.

From the moment that George got the first glimpse of her face, he was troubled with one of those fleeting and indefinite likenesses, which almost everybody can remember, and has been, at times, perplexed with. He could not keep himself from looking at her, and watching her perpetually. At table, or sitting at her state-room door, still she would encounter the young man's eyes fixed on her, and politely withdrawn, when she showed that she was sensible of the observation.

Cassy became uneasy. She began to think that he suspected something; and finally resolved to throw herself entirely on his

generosity, and entrusted him with her whole history.

George was heartily disposed to sympathise with any one who had escaped from Legree's plantation—a place that he could not remember or speak of with patience—and, with the courageous disregard of consequences which is characteristic of his age and state, he assured her that he would do all in his power to protect and bring them through.

The next state-room to Cassy's was occupied by a French lady, named De Thoux, who was accompanied by a fine little daughter, a child of some twelve summers.

This lady, having gathered, from George's conversation, that he was from Kentucky, seemed evidently disposed to cultivate his acquaintance; in which design she was seconded by the graces of her little girl. George's chair was often placed at her state-room door; and Cassy, as she sat upon the guards, could hear their conversation.

Madame de Thoux was very minute in her inquiries as to Kentucky where she said she had resided in a former period of her life. discovered, to his surprise, that her former residence must have been in his own vicinity; and her inquiries showed a knowledge of people and things in his region, that was perfectly surprising to him.

"Do you know," said Madame de Thoux to him, one day, " of any

man, in your neighbourhood, of the name of Harris?"

"There is an old fellow, of that name, lives not far from my father's place," said George. "We never have had much inter-

course with him, though."

"He is a large slave-owner, I believe," said Madame de Thoux, with a manner which seemed to betray more interest than she was exactly willing to show.

"He is," said George, looking surprised at her manner.

"Did you ever know of his having—perhaps, you may have heard of his having a mulatto boy, named George?"

"Certainly-George Harris-I know him well; he married a

servant of my mother's, but has escaped to Canada."

"Thank God I" said Madame de Thoux quickly. George looked a surprised inquiry, but said nothing.

Madame de Thoux leaned her head on her hand, and burst into "He is my brother," she said.

"Madame I" said George, with a strong accent of surprise.

"Yes," said Madame de Thoux, lifting her head, proudly, and wiping her tears; "Mr. Shelby, George Harris is my brother!"
"I am perfectly astonished," said George, pushing back his chair

a pace or two, and looking at Madame de Thoux.

"I was sold to the South when he was a boy," said she. "I was bought by a good and generous man. He took me with him to the West Indies, set me free, and married me. It is but lately that he died: and I was coming up to Kentucky, to see if I could find and redeem my brother."

"I have heard him speak of a sister Emily, that was sold South,"

said George.

"Yes, indeed! I am the one," said Madame de Thoux; "tell

me what sort of a--- "

"A very fine young man," said George, "notwithstanding the curse of slavery that lay on him. He sustained a first-rate character, for both intelligence and principle. I know, you see," he said; "because he married in our family."

"What sort of a girl?" said Madame de Thoux eagerly.

"A treasure," said George; "a beautiful, intelligent, amiable girl. Very pious. My mother had brought her up, and trained her as carefully, almost, as a daughter. She could read and write, embroider and sew beautifully.

"Was she born in your house?" said Madame de Thoux.

" No. Father bought her once, in one of his trips to New Orleans, and brought her up as a present to mother. She was about eight or nine years old, then. Father would never tell mother what he gave for her; but, the other day, in looking over his old papers, we came across the bill of sale. He paid an extravagant sum for her, to be sure. I suppose on account of her extraordinary beauty."

George sat with his back to Cassy, and did not see the absorbed

expression of her countenance, as he was giving these details.

At this point in the story, she touched his arm, and, with a face perfectly white with interest, said, "Do you know the name of the people he bought her of?"

A man of the name of Simmons, I think, was the principal in the

transaction."

"Oh, my God!" said Cassy and fell incensible on the floor.

Poor Cassy, when she recovered, turned her face to the wall, and wept and sobbed like a child-perhaps, mother, you can tell what she was thinking of I Perhaps you cannot—but she felt as sure, in that hour, that God had had mercy on her, and that she

should see her daughter.

George Shelby, interested, as any other young man might be, by the romance of the incident, no less than by feelings of humanity, was at the pains to send to Cassy the bill of sale of Eliza; whose date and name all correspond with her own knowledge of facts, and left no doubt upon her mind as to the identity of her child

now only for her to trace out the path of the fugitives.

Madame de Thoux and she, thus drawn together by the singular coincidence of their fortunes, proceeded immediately to Canada, and began a tour of inquiry among the stations where the numerous fugitives from slavery are located. At Amherstberg they found the missionary with whom George and Eliza had taken shelter, on their first arrival in Canada; and through him were enabled to trace the family to Montreal.

George and Eliza had now been five years free. George had found constant occupation in the shop of a worthy machinist, where he had been earning a competent support for his family, which, in the meantime, had been increased by the addition of another daughter.

Little Harry—a fine, bright boy—had been put to a good school,

and was making rapid proficiency in knowledge.

The worthy pastor of the station, in Amherstberg, where George had first landed, was so much interested in the statements of Madame de Thoux and Cassy that he yielded to the solicitations of the former to accompany them to Montreal, in their search—she bearing all the

expense of the expedition.

The scene now changes to a small, neat tenement, in the outskirts of Montreal; the time, evening. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; a tea-table, covered with a snowy cloth, stands prepared for the evening meal. In one corner of the room was a table covered with a green cloth, where was an open writing-desk, pens, paper, and over it a shelf of well-selected books.

This was George's study. The same zeal for self-improvement, which led him to steal the much-coveted arts of reading and writing, amid all the toils and discouragements of his early life, still led him

to devote all his leisure time to self-cultivation.

At this present time, he is seated at the table, making notes from a volume of the family library he has been reading.

"Come, George," says Eliza, "you've been gone all day. Do put

down that book, and let's talk, while I'm getting tea-do."

And little Eliza seconds the effort, by toddling up to her father, and trying to pull the book out of his hand, and install herself on his knee as a substitute.

At this moment there is a rap at the door; and Eliza goes and opens it. The delighted—"Why!—this you?"—calls up her husband; and the good pastor of Amherstberg is welcomed. There are two more women with him and Eliza asks them to sit down.

Now, if the truth must be told, the honest pastor had arranged a little programme, according to which this affair was to develop itself; and, on the way up, all had very cautiously and prudently exhorted each other not to let things out, except according to

previous arrangement.

What was the good man's consternation, therefore, just as he had motioned to the ladies to be seated, and was taking out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his mouth, so as to proceed to his introductory speech in good order, when Madame de Thoux upset the whole plan by throwing her arms around George's neck, and letting all out at once, by saying, "Oh, George! don't you know me? I'm your sister, Emily."

Cassy had seated herself more composedly, and would have carried on her part very well, had not little Eliza suddenly appeared before her in exact shape and form, every outline and curl, just as her daughter was when she saw her last. The little thing peered up in her face; and Cassy caught her up in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, saying, what at the moment she really believed, "Darling,

I'm your mother ! "

The good pastor, at last, succeeded in getting everybody quiet, and delivering his speech with which he had intended to open the exercises; and in which, at last, he succeeded. They knelt together, and the good man prayed—for there are some feelings so agitated and tumultuous, that they can find rest only by being poured into the bosom of Almighty love—and then, rising up, the new-found family embraced each other, with a holy trust in Him, who from such peril and dangers, and by such unknown ways, had brought them together.

In two or three days, such a change has passed over Cassy, that our readers would scarcely know her. The despairing, haggard, expression of her face has given way to one of gentle trust. She seemed to sink, at once, into the bosom of the family, and take the little ones into her heart, as something for which it long had waited. Indeed, her love seemed to flow more naturally to the little Eliza than to her own daughter; for she was the exact image and body of the child whom she had lost. The little one was a flowery bond between mother and daughter, through whom grew up acquaintance-ship and affection. Eliza's steady, consistent piety, regulated by the constant reading of the sacred word, made her a proper guide for the shattered and wearied mind of her mother. Cassy yielded at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and became a devout and tender Christian.

After a day or two, Madame de Thoux told her brother more

particularly of her affairs. The death of her husband had left her an ample fortune, which she generously offered to share with the tamily. When she asked George what way she could best apply it for him, he answered, "Give me an education, Emily; that has always been my heart's desire. Then, I can do all the rest."

On mature deliberation, it was decided that the whole family should go, for some years to France; whither they sailed, carrying

Emmeline with them.

About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate were convened together in the great hall to hear a few

words from their young master.

To the surprise of all, he appeared among them with a bundle of papers in his hand, containing a certificate of freedom to every one on the place, which he read successively, and presented, amid sobs and tears and shouts.

Many, however, pressed around him, earnestly begging him not to send them away; and, with anxious faces, tendering back their free papers. "We don't want to be no freer than we are. We's allers had all we wanted. We don't want to leave de ole place, and

mas'r and missis, and de rest!"

"My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get silence, "there'll be no need for you to leave me. The place wants as many hands to work it as it did before. We need the same about the house that we did before. But, you are now free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on. The advantage is that in case of my getting in debt, or dying—things that might happen—you cannot now be taken up and sold. I expect to carry on the estate, and to teach you what, perhaps it will take you some time to learn—how to use the rights I give you as free men and women. I expect you to be good, and willing to learn; and I trust in God that I shall be faithful, and willing to teach. And now, my friends, look up, and thank God for the blessing of freedom."

An aged, patriarchal negro, who had grown gray and blind on the estate, now rose, and, lifting his trembling hand, said, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord!" As all kneeled by one consent, a more touching and hearty Te Deum never ascended to heaven, though borne on the peal of organ, bell, and cannon, than came from that

honest old heart.

"One thing more," said George, " you all remember our good old Uncle Tom?"

George here told of the scene of his death, and of his loving

farewell to all on the place, and added-

"It was on his grave, my friends, that I resolved, before God, that I would never own another slave, while it was possible to free him; that nobody, through me, should ever run the risk of being parted from home and friends, and dying on a lonely plantation, as he died. So, when you rejoice in your freedom, think, that you owe it to that good old soul, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom, every time you see UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; and let it be a memorial to put you all in mind to follow in his steps, and be as honest and faithful and Christian as he was."

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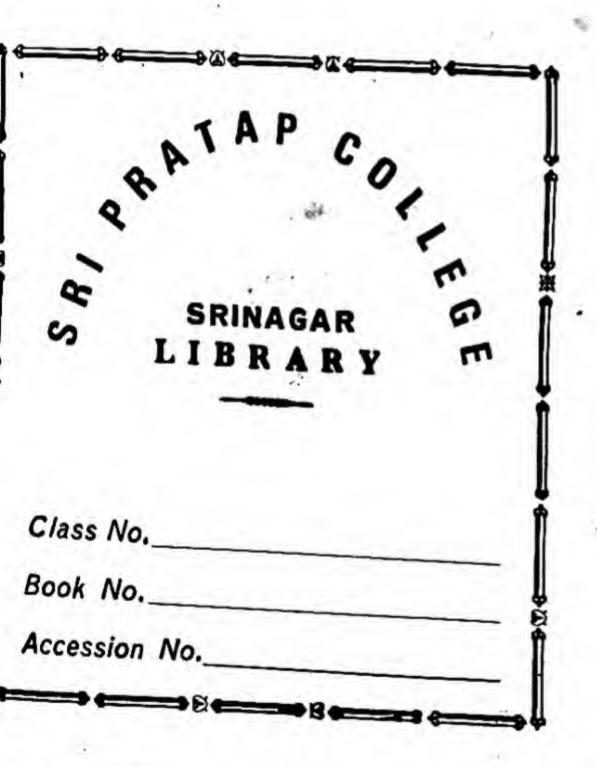
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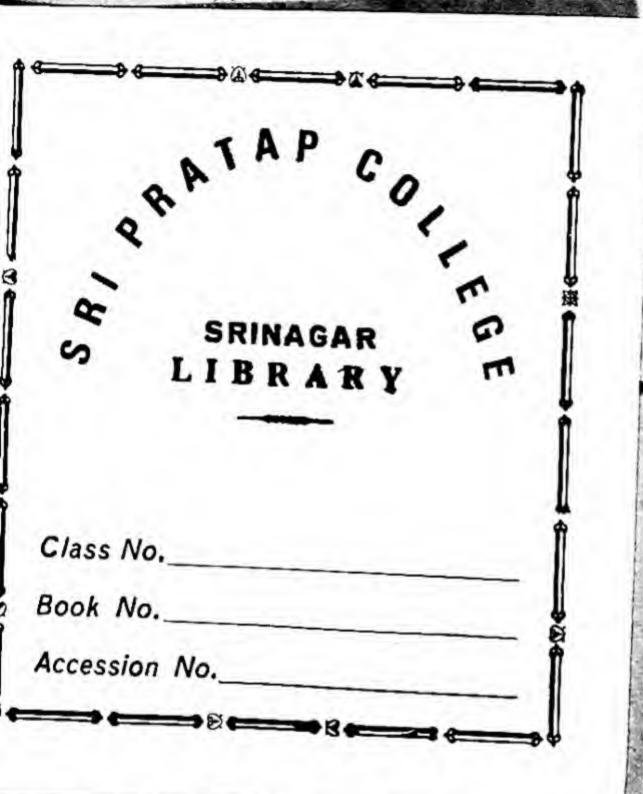
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